HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"Topeka." "Albany." "New Orleans." Torpedo-Boat "Somers."

IMPORTED CRUISERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 16, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16 × 45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate paper, with a "key" and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

HON. WILLIAM V. ALLEN, the Populist Senator from Nebraska, has telegraphed to Governor HOLCOMB, of his State, placing his services at the disposal of the State "for the defence of the national honor and for Cuban liberty." We suggest to Mr. ALLEN that the best step that he can take for the promotion of the welfare of his country is to resign his seat in the United States Senate; and if he wants to fight for Cuban liberty, why does he not shoulder a musket and join GOMEZ?

WE should have said, perhaps, in speaking of the State Legislature of New York, that some of its proposed wickedness was prevented by the firmness of Governor BLACK. The Governor certainly appeared in a better light during the last session of the Legislature, and we hope that he has truly reformed, and intends to be henceforth a better man and a better politician. He prevented the passage of some scandalous measures; but before pronouncing the respect that he showed to decent popular sentiment an infallible sign of inward regeneration, we must wait until it is demonstrated that he has wholly turned his back upon PLATT and his methods.

THE forces in the field, if war comes, will have to contend with the politicians in Congress. These have already defeated a bill for the increase of the regular army in time of war mainly for socialistic reasons. In other words, the country is to be imperilled by men who desire to gain the votes of enemies of society. Once more the regular army is to be the victim of the politicians' folly and the country's ingratitude. We will not go so far as to say that the men who have killed the reorganization bill are traitors, because we believe that there is a lack of wicked motive, and this lack is due to the want of intelligent comprehension of the grave consequences that may follow their selfishness and their folly.

SINCE our last issue China has leased Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain, and that power occupies this important harbor on the same terms on which Russia occupies Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. Japan has, it is said, assented to this last lease, and, so far as European powers are concerned, affairs in China seem to be in a better condition than they were. But as to China herself, it is evident that she is falling to pieces and is being divided, and our own interests there are great enough to warrant us in taking every measure in our power to maintain and promote the ascendency of Great Britain. Her interests and ours are one, and if it be necessary to preserve those interests, the European powers should be made to understand that we regard the encroachments upon English rights as injuries to our interests.

IN order that timid souls may not be unduly perturbed by the stories that are printed in the daily papers concerning the very powerful ships of the Spanish navy, it is well perhaps to say that the Spanish navy is not more than one-third as powerful as our own, and is probably not more than one-tenth as effective. The power of navies cannot be judged accurately by comparing lists of ships and armaments. The condition of the ships and guns must be reckoned with; and while the American ships are always in first-class order, Spanish ships rarely are. There is the *Alfonso XII.*, for instance, counted among the Spanish fleet of effective vessels. As a matter of fact, her boilers are in such condition that she cannot move. The relative effectiveness of navies depends upon officers and crews—upon the human equation—and in that respect the American navy is as good as any in the world, and the Spanish navy is one of the weakest.

WE have no doubt that Colonel JOHN A. MCCALL was well within bounds in assuring the President that the bankers of New York would supply most of the money that the government may need for the conduct of the war, if war shall come; but we are much surprised by the conduct of the brewers of the country in protesting in advance against an increase of the tax on beer, which would greatly augment the government's revenue, and, to that extent, would be a valuable contribution to a war fund. This increase of tax is one that should be made, whether there be war or not, and while opposition to the increase might be expected from the brewers in time of peace, we had hoped that there were no people in the country who would not willingly do their part towards making the waging of war by the government successful, if war has to be waged, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of the nation, that the example of the brewers will have no imitators, and that the brewers themselves will think better of the matter.

WE are quite sure that the plans of campaign for the Flying Squadron and the North Atlantic Squadron which were published in the New York *Herald* the other day were not correct. We are sure that the New York *Herald* would not have published them if it had supposed them to be correct, because it would not consciously notify the enemy of the intentions of our naval commanders in their operations against them. But the publication of the plans presents an opportunity to warn the government again against the probable conduct of enterprising sensational journals in time of war. We are quite sure that these newspapers would not hesitate for a moment to print any campaign secret that might come to them. More than this, we are also sure that they will industriously seek to worm out the secrets of both army and navy commanders. Perhaps the *Herald*, in presenting what it jocosely asserted to be the plans of the two squadrons, meant to warn the government against what it may expect in case of actual war. There are some newspapers that must be taken possession of by the provost marshal at the outbreak of hostilities. If it is necessary to operate them in order that they may retain their franchises, an especially unenterprising and conscientious corporal might be selected in each case as editor-in-chief.

IT is perfectly well understood, probably, that the WEEKLY has not a very high opinion of Mr. HANNA as a Senator of the United States or as a political leader. Nevertheless, we are not very much impressed with the reported finding of the committee of Ohio Senators that he was guilty of bribery in securing his election; and we do not say this because we are convinced that he was not guilty. The action of the committee is valueless, because the committee itself was appointed for the purpose of finding just this verdict. This is an illustration of the deplorable extent to which partisan and boss politics have degraded American legislative bodies. It has now come to be recognized as the universal fact that a party legislative committee, either in a contested-election case or in an investigation of charges like those made against Mr. HANNA, will find in favor of their fellow-partisan. The Ohio Senate committee was appointed to find Mr. HANNA guilty, and therefore its verdict is of no consequence, and it will make no impression upon any one. It will not change a single opinion, and any action taken by the Senate or by the Legislature as a whole, on such a report, would be disgraceful. Mr. HANNA may be guilty of bribery—we should not be surprised if he were—but we would not commit a vagabond to ten days in the county jail on the verdict of such a committee as that of the Ohio Senate.

MR. HORATIO S. RUBENS, counsel for the Cuban Junta, has given an interview to the press as to the attitude of the insurgents toward intervention by this country. It may be that Mr. RUBENS is misquoted, but, even so, what he is reported to have said is of value, because so much of it is absolutely true. It is to be regretted that the statement was presented in a greatly condensed form in some of the Jingo papers. Mr. RUBENS, looking at the question from the point of view of the Junta, says that the insurgents do not wish intervention by the United States unless it is preceded by a recognition of the independence of Cuba. If the United States, he says, intervene with force, "we [the Cubans] shall treat that force as an enemy to be opposed and, if possible, expelled, so long as recognition of a free Cuban republic is withheld." This is undoubtedly a proper, although selfish, position for the insurgents to take. They have issued bonds, for example, the payment of which is conditioned upon the establishment of the Cuban government. These bonds will be worthless if the United States take Cuba away from both Cubans and the Spaniards. Moreover, it is true that if the United States intervene for the sake of humanity against the will both of Spain and Cuba, we will be responsible for any injuries that may result to the citizens of neutral powers. But what is especially interesting in this interview is the bearing of the insurgents revealed by it towards the victims of WEYLER'S concentration order. The officers of our navy, some of our Senators, and a large part of our people are horrified by the terrible conditions prevailing in Cuba on account of the enforcement of this order. It is true that BLANCO has revoked the order, and that Spain is taking steps to relieve the misery which she has caused, but nevertheless there are a good many people who think that the cause of humanity still demands the intervention of the United States in order that these evils may not recur. Not so the insurgents. They could have taken steps to stop this misery long ago by accepting the offer of an autonomic government. They can help put an end to it now by agreeing with Spain to stop the war, and accept what has been already won by the insurrection; but they decline to put an end to the misery so long as their extreme demand, that of independence, is not granted, and in expressing that demand their counsel is represented as saying that they have not much more faith in the United States as a governor of the island than they have in Spain. Mr. RUBENS expresses serious doubts as to the incorruptibility of our politics, and even goes so far as to say that an agreement has been made between Spain and the United States by which the latter shall intervene without the granting of independence, in order to maintain the authority of Spain. All of which is probably most interesting to the citizens of the United States who have been insisting on going to war in behalf of these insurgents.

THE WAR SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE.

THERE is a vast difference between the politicians, the Cuban bondholders, the sensational newspapers, the expectant sutlers, and all the disgraceful crew who have been clamoring for war, and the honest American people who have been willing to make sacrifices in a war which they think to be for a just cause. There has never been a democracy whose generous, if mistaken, instincts have not governed it in momentous crises. Democracies are instinctively the avengers of other people's wrongs. They are innately the missionaries of liberty, and the main check upon them, the strongest force that restrains them from the active prosecution of their strong desires, is their natural love of peace and their hatred of war. For the democracy does hate war, notwithstanding its sometimes noisy shoutings for the bloody conflict. It knows in its inmost mind that war is against its best interests—its physical and its moral interests. Moreover, it is impossible for the democracy to strike quickly, just as it is impossible for it to strike effectively, without a much greater expenditure of force than is demanded of the single-minded ruler who makes war or peace at his own will, and especially without consultation with the many-headed and many-purposed representatives of his people.

A restraint upon democracy when it is under great excitement is its government, its responsible men—the men who realize that they will be held responsible for whatever goes astray in the conduct of a war, and for whatever of evil may come to the nation in consequence of a war which the nation itself may have commanded. But the people themselves are generous in their sympathies for people who are oppressed, and bitter in their hatred of oppressors, and there is no politician who does not understand the sentimental force of an appeal to his constituents in behalf of those who profess to be struggling for their liberties. The people of this country have been enthusiastic for the French revolutionists, for the Greek patriots, for the colonists of Spain and Portugal, for the Armenians and the Cretans, and it is because the Cubans have been struggling for their freedom against oppression that the war spirit during many months has reached a pitch of excitement that has rarely been manifested before, and especially since the destruction of the *Maine* this excitement has grown. Even those of us who regret that there have not been more self-restraint and calmer judgment, and that wiser counsels have not prevailed, would not change the nature of our people, would not kill the innate love of the American for human liberty—a passion which sometimes moves him to sustain unworthy causes, but which is nevertheless the passion that has done more than all methodical movements of politics for the advancement of the human race.

Spain has won the enmity of the American people by the wretched despotism which has marked her rule in Cuba. It may be that the Cubans will not govern themselves better than the Spaniards have governed them, but the American answer to this is that the evils of self-government are the evils of the people themselves, and can be cured by the regeneration of the people, while the evils of kingcraft increase in severity and odiousness as the people grow better, and therefore more sensitive to immoral conditions. Whatever may be the future of Cuba, its past has been one of the blackest chapters in the history of our continent. The Spanish rule was bad enough in South America, but it is in Cuba that it has been permitted to develop its basest traits. For many years the island has been a quarry for Spanish politicians and military officers, who, having grown dangerous to the dynasty at home, have been sent to be Captain-Generals for the purpose of getting rich at the cost of the Cubans. In other words, it has been the policy of Spain to smother the ambitions of dangerous politicians and adventurers with the plunder of the Antilles. Misgovernment and corruption have worked their end, and for a generation the Cubans have been anxious to rid themselves of the rule which they have detested. With this struggle for freedom and against oppression many Americans have sympathized, and some have actively aided the military enterprises of the Cubans.

At the bottom of all the popular movement in this country for interference in the war in Cuba has been the belief that Spain ought to leave the continent, and this belief has finally so absorbed the popular imagination that there has been a wild frenzy of desire to drive her out if she would not go of her own will. Whatever may be the declared cause for this hostility, whether in the calm eyes of the world looking on it be a just or an unjust cause, the revolt in the United States against the wise restraints that usually impose peace has been due to a generous wish to help to free the Cuban people from the rule of a blunderer and oppressor. The awful deeds of Spanish soldiers and officers; the horrible tales of cruelty that have been told and verified; the miseries that resulted from WEYLER'S order of concentration; the starvation and the resulting deaths to which trusted Americans have borne testimony—all these have fired the imaginations of our people, and have made them ready to incur the miseries and horrors of war in behalf of a struggling people. They have not inquired as to the merits of the Cubans, and they have not listened to suggestions that sinister influences govern many of the most energetic disciples of bloodshed. They have wanted an end to the horrors that shocked them, to the rule that produced those horrors, and they have wanted it by the shortest cut. The people whose voices have been potent may have been deceived, and they may have insisted on an unjust war—upon that point we have spoken our views in sufficiently explicit terms—but they have had no ulterior or selfish motive. They are not seeking their own profit or aggrandizement. They own no Cuban bonds, and have no desire to annex the island to the United States. Indeed, we believe that they are opposed to annexation. The time was, not so many years ago, when the whole animus of our endeavor to free Cuba was selfish; but that movement did not receive popular support, and that day has passed. So far as the people of this country have declared for war, their declaration has originated in a noble and generous sentiment. It is a sentiment which is often played upon by designing men, but its existence, nevertheless, increases the pleasure of living.

The destruction of the *Maine* has been but an incident in the growth of the country's hostility to Spain. It was an important incident, it is true, and probably a controlling one. No calm and self-possessed man can say that we are justified in warring on Spain by reason of the destruction of our men and our ship, because no one has proved Spain's responsibility for that terrible disaster. But then, also, no one can give a single just reason for making war at all. There are very few Americans, probably, who do not believe that the *Maine* and her men were the victims of cruel treachery, but it was neither that belief, nor any reason that exists in the international law-books, that brought us to the threshold of war; it was the overwhelming frenzy of the feeling that Spain's barbarities and crimes must cease to be committed on the American continent, and that frenzy was enormously increased by the killing of American sailors who had been trusted to the hospitality of waters supposed to be friendly. We have had no desire for war. We have hoped that Spain's barbarities would be brought to an end by peaceable methods on our part. We have recognized certain malign influences working for war, but we can only be proud of the fact that the American people, whether striking blindly or intelligently, have all along been bent on delivering a blow for what they believe to be the cause of eternal justice.

ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE dictionaries define "patriotism" as "love of one's country," and "patriot" as "one who loves and faithfully serves his country." These definitions are generally accepted as correct, and they should be well kept in mind, especially at a time of warlike excitement when the word "patriotism" is on every lip, and an appeal to "patriotism," from whomsoever it may come and by whatever motive it may be prompted, is sure to draw popular applause. It should be constantly remembered that to "serve one's country faithfully" means not only to profess love for it, or to have a sentimental attachment to it, but to consider with conscientious care what is best for its welfare and its honor, and then to do one's duty to it according to that understanding, honestly, with courageous devotion, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

We are apt to admire as the highest exhibition of patriotism the voluntary sacrifice of one's life in battle for one's country. Inasmuch as life may ordinarily be assumed the possession, we should be least inclined to part with, and as the deliberate sacrifice of it is justly thought to require a high degree of devotion and courage, the popular appreciation of the spirit which prompts such an offering is certainly well merited. But the peculiar lustre in which this kind of patriotism appears, and which seizes upon the popular imagination, easily makes us depreciate another kind, which, although less brilliant, may be no less heroic, no less self-sacrificing, and sometimes even far more useful to the common good. The glory surrounding warlike achievement and the homage lavished upon the martial hero are apt to make especially the young and ardent forget that while sometimes the interests of a country may be furthered and its honor protected by means of war, of all the means by which such objects can be accomplished, war is the most cruel, barbarous, and abominable, and should be resorted to only in the last extremity, when there is no more hope of any other means succeeding. The man who in times of popular excitement boldly and unflinchingly resists hot-tempered clamor for an unnecessary war, and thus exposes himself to the opprobrious imputation of a lack of patriotism or of courage, to the end of saving his country from a great calamity, is, as to "loving and faithfully serving his country," at least as good a patriot as the hero of the most daring feat of arms, and a far better one than those who, with an ostentatious pretence of superior patriotism, cry for war before it is needed, especially if then they let others do the fighting.

As there is nothing more dangerous to the well-being of a monarchy than a prince incessantly thirsting for martial glory, so there is no delusion more dangerous to the peace, the prosperity, the honor, and the liberties of a free people than the one that a needless or wanton clamoring for war on every occasion of foreign embroilment is a sign of patriotic spirit. True patriotism in time of peace demands that we should vigilantly and actively endeavor to obtain the enactment of wise laws; the appointment of able and honest public servants; the redress of wrongs and the reform of abuses; the expulsion from public place of drones and rogues; the restraint of lawlessness and violence, the preservation of security and good order; and, finally, the maintenance of an honorable name among the nations of the world by dealing with them on principles of fairness and magnanimity, preferring at all times, in the adjustment of difficulties, peaceable means to the savage arbitrament of war, and resorting to this only when we can conscientiously affirm that no peaceable expedient has been left untried, and when we are sure that our reasons for war can, without fear of an adverse judgment, be submitted to the opinion of civilized mankind.

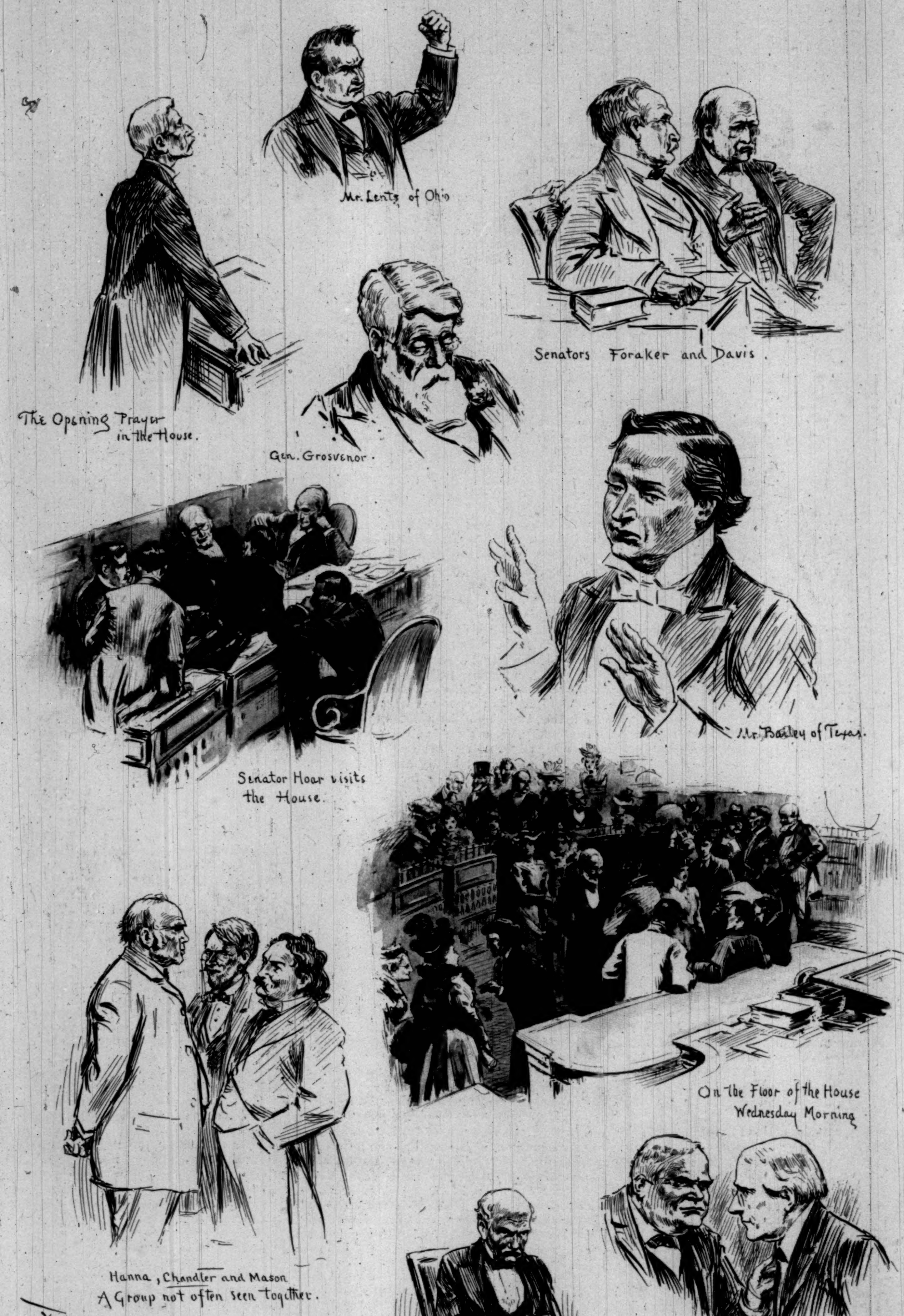
True patriotism is incompatible with any selfish motive that does not accord with the public interest. The journalist or the public agitator generally who, while knowing that just demands might still be satisfied by peaceable negotiation, clamors for war and stirs up popular passion to increase his popularity or profit, is not only not a patriot, but a public enemy—just as much as if he openly and persistently urged the lawless element among us to robbery, murder, and arson, to share in the spoil. We all respect our army and our navy—their character and their calling. They are to be the right arm of patriotism in times of conflict. Patriotism wishes them not only to be able to fight, but also to like fighting when fighting is necessary. But the same patriotism forbids them to clamor for a fight so long as fighting is not necessary. If officers of the army or the navy should ever use their influence to bring on a war while peace might honorably be maintained, to furnish them opportunities for showing how brave and skilful they are, and to increase their chances of promotion, they would be just as unpatriotic—aye, just as criminal—as the members of a fire department would be who tried to set a crowded tenement-house ablaze for the purpose of exhibiting their skill in handling an engine or their courage in scaling ladders, and of thus earning praise and advancement. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a wantonness of spirit more reckless, more wicked, more repugnant to true patriotism, than the use of whatever influence one may possess to bring on war, with all its horrors and miseries, so long as the possibility of preserving an honorable peace has not utterly vanished.

If, in spite of all efforts to avert it, war does come, the duties of patriotism are the same for all, of whatever shade of opinion—for those who did not approve of the cause of the quarrel, as much as for those who did. Patriotism then demands that we should all unite with the same faithful devotion in doing the best we can to make the shortest possible work of the struggle, and to secure a speedy issue honorable and advantageous to our country. It demands that we should carefully abstain from endangering the operations of our armies or navies by giving information to the enemy, and that, among other things, we should sternly curb that spirit of journalistic "enterprise" which, for instance, now is so busy advertising to the whole world the military and naval plans of our government. It demands that we should always be willing to deny ourselves any opportunity for private advantage that may injuriously interfere with the public policy.

It demands that, while vigorously pushing the war, we should neglect no chance for an honorable peace, and that in making such a peace we should never tarnish the good name of our country by an unnecessary humiliation of the defeated enemy. It demands that while the war is going on we should strive to the utmost of our power to mitigate its horrors, to alleviate its miseries, and, last but not least, to counteract those agencies of demoralization and corruption which, while the excited public mind is turned to one single object, are apt to grow and flourish in extraordinary measure. And here we touch a chapter the importance of which the patriot who has the working of free institutions at heart will certainly not fail to appreciate.

It is in time of war, when the rush of events frequently makes the needs of the government especially pressing, that the tribe of unscrupulous speculators bent upon cheating and robbing the public find most fruitful opportunities. They will always be seen and heard among the noisiest of "patriots," in whose opinion no preparation is large enough, no action too quick, and no measure too far-reaching. In the name of "patriotism" they will insist that all those safeguards in the government machinery which are to prevent fraud and theft be swept away as antiquated "red-tapeism" that obstructs the necessary vigor and promptness of action. In the name of "patriotism" they will seek to foist into places of trust and responsibility patriots of their own stripe to help them in their rascally game. In the name of "patriotism" they will strive to discredit and break down public men who have remained sufficiently cool to guard the public interest, as "not patriotic enough." And this tribe of sharks and harpies will be lustily aided by the disreputable politicians who discover in the general disturbance a new chance for themselves, and who expect the loudest kind of war patriotism to lift them into popular favor and public place, trusting that everything will be forgiven to the "patriot" who is most vociferous in denouncing the enemy and most fiercely proclaiming that the war must not cease until the last fighting foe has bitten the dust. This is the class of "patriots" well fitted by old Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S robust saying, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And those who "love their country and mean to serve it faithfully" must not forget that true patriotism; while in time of war it has to fight the foreign enemy abroad, has to fight with equal vigilance and vigor false patriotism at home. For unless it do so with effect, the range and power of corrupt and degrading influences in our political life will be fearfully enlarged, and the progress of honest, safe, and orderly methods of government may be set back for an indefinite period.

Can true patriotism possibly be eager to rush our country into war while there is a chance for honorable peace?



WASHINGTON—SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITOL.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 378.]

WASHINGTON—SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Passing the Naval Appropriation Bill.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 378.]

MUSIC.

THE season still continues to pulsate with musical life. It is even reported that we are to have a new and ambulant opera company, materializing from Italy by way of South America and the far West, and singing Puccini's "La Bohème" as its novelty. The concluding concerts by the Philharmonic Society, the Boston Symphony, the Chickering Hall Series, the Symphony Society, and the Kneisel Quartet indicate, nevertheless, the ebbing of the tide. Young Mr. Hofmann still is in a state of recital; and there have been and will be many concerts, of fluctuating import as a group, until May. The special festival of the Oratorio Society, now in course, is an incident of large form in progress as this reference is made to it, celebrating the society's twenty-fifth year of song. In addition to Dr. Leopold Damrosch's cantata "Sulamith," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," there will be produced what may be expected to prove itself a new choral score of distinct national importance. This is "Saint Christopher," an oratorio by Mr. Horatio Parker, the composer of "Hora Novissima." Mr. Parker's work makes especially heavy demands on the male voices, even the choruses assigned to them being as difficult as they are effective. In the coming performance the part of *Satan* will be sung by Ffrangcon Davies, Ericsson Bushnell has the bass title rôle of *Offerus*, and Evan Williams takes the solos of *The King* and *The Hermit*. That every detail may be as perfect as possible, the few bars assigned to "A Child's Voice" will be rendered by Harry Smith, the noted boy soprano of Grace Church choir. Madame Juch is the only woman soloist—no other female voices for solo-work being needed.

To mention Mr. Seidl is to make the passing remark that for the next three months (perhaps for longer) it will be prudent to disbelieve at least half of the announcements as to arrangements between managers or societies here and conductors for taking up the work that Mr. Seidl's death has left leaderless. In fact, the more positively the statements are distributed, the less credence need be given them, unless they are under final and completely official guarantees. The air is full of such footless rumors. The news columns of the daily press solemnly print them. A half-dozen musical politicians are found laboriously exerting themselves for their candidate in this or that quarter, opposed by half a dozen more for the interests of a rival. The saddest and plainest testimonial to Mr. Seidl's value and individuality is the trouble that it will cost to fill his offices right and left The most significant vacancy, next to the Metropolitan Opera House's Wagnerian repertory, is the Philharmonic Society's musical direction. Of that matter nothing whatever can at present be promulgated with authority. An election will occur in due course of time. It is to be hoped, by-the-bye, that the Philharmonic Society will arrange next year a more gracious and becoming occasion in memory of its dead leader, to whom its present prosperity is wholly due, than the hasty and mutilated observance closing its season. There are at least two works of Mr. Seidl available for such a future tribute—his striking arrangement of some short Bach compositions that he grouped together into a "Divertimento," and his gorgeous orchestral dress of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody" for the piano-forte.

A considerable local interest has been taken during some weeks in the "tonograph," an American invention for the perfect preservation of improvised or other compositions on the piano-forte or organ. The patent-offices of various countries are by no means devoid of more or less elaborate contrivances by which a player may expect to find the music struck out by his wandering fingers duly set down, by one or another system; but this "tonograph" undoubtedly offers the most perfected as well as the simplest mechanism to such an end. The invention comes from Mr. Robert Gally, of Brooklyn, well known among the new school of American organ-builders. The music played is written down by a system of dashes and dots (transcribed at sight into ordinary notation), with instant automatism. Not only is every note in each figure, in each embellishment or chord registered, but the quality of the organist's or pianist's touch, his phrasing and technical equipment as to both hands, are all mercilessly or graciously perpetuated, along with the piece's formal movement; and as it is played first, so is it played automatically again by the instrument. At a recent exhibition, in this city, of Mr. Gally's admirable little device, improvisations or other pieces by Mr. Guilmant, Mr. Siloti, Mr. Pugno, Mr. William Mason, and a large group of other pianists and organists were reproduced with most interesting fidelity to their contents and to their original performance by their authors.

An announcement and invitation of importance to North American composers has been put forth by the Musical Art Society of this city. This society has a peculiar interest in the study and performance of the best *a capella* music, or such choral compositions as are written with no instrumental accompaniment, in the classic manner of Italian church song. The society therefore announces an annual contest for a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be awarded to the best original composition of a religious character for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The conditions on which the competition is to be allowed vary somewhat during three years, as will be seen from the following formal prospectus: 1. Any one may compete who has been for the past five years or longer a resident of the United States or Canada. 2. The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices. 3. The time of performance shall not exceed fifteen minutes. 4. The composition should be addressed to the president of the society, Fred E. Hyde, 120 West Fifty-third Street, New York city, and will be submitted to the three following judges: George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, and the conductor of the Musical Art Society. 5. The name of the composer is not to appear, and the composition must bear a suitable motto. A sealed envelope containing the composer's name and address, and bearing on the outside the same motto and a return address, must accompany the manuscript. Only the envelope bearing the motto of the successful composition will be opened. 6. The competition receiving the prize will be performed by the Musical Art Society during the season in which the award is made. 7. The composer is to retain all rights, of whatsoever description, in his work, except that the Musical Art Society reserves to itself the right of first production. 8. The strictest anonymity will be observed as regards all competitors, and only the name of the successful composer will be made public. 9. The jury reserves to itself the right to reject all compositions offered if none come up to the standard set by the aims of the society. 10. All competing compositions must be in the hands of the president before September 1, 1898. 11. All manuscripts will be held at the disposal of the composer after the award has been made. It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1899, and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900. This scheme is judicious and generous. The Musical Art Society, under Mr. Frank Damrosch's care, has been a pleasurable and valuable factor in its field; and while by no means as constant to its proposed special purpose as lovers of unity in its programmes would wish, it has set up standards of choral singing here that are high and influential.

Chicago has not yet learned to conceal what are its real interests and joys in patronizing musical performances. Here in New York we have learned that the truth is not to be spoken at all times. In fact, we have learned that when we go to the symphony-concert or the opera to see and not to hear, it is better not to speak the truth at all. The music-reviewer of a prominent journal of the Windy City began his record of the Auditorium's recent season with the gentle admission that the lyric drama in Chicago "continues to be a great social function, which fills its artistic mission." Therewith, after mentioning that "La Traviata" was "on the bill and a success," and that "Melba was in good voice, and received liberal applause," suddenly he exclaims, in a black head-line, "All Eyes On Mrs. W——" (naming a lady in the boxes), who was "the centre of attraction"—not the music. And why? Who could be cold to the answer? Let us quote it, syntax and all. "Her $50,000 gown, which she wore on the opening night of last season's grand opera, and left its impression, and the fact of her recent purchase of a $21,000 diamond was remembered in conjunction with this. Between acts hundreds of persons passed through the passageway back of the lower right-hand tier of boxes, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the magnificent gown they had read so much about, and the famous diamond. Many had their curiosity rewarded, for the gown and the diamond were both worn, to say nothing of the other gorgeous jewelry of this lover of rare gems. The $21,000 diamond, forming the centre of a star whose points were countless smaller diamonds, sparkled from a place in her coiffure, and vied in brilliancy with a combination opal and diamond tiara. Her gown was of heliotrope brocaded satin; over-dress of point-lace, blazing with diamonds of rarest quality."

Certainly the night was a great musical one for Chicago. But the writer of the account has not made as clear as we could wish that it was not the last year's gown.

Chicago gives out more valuable subject for our meditations than the above descriptive newspaper paragraph suggests. Mr. Theodore Thomas speaks gold to New York when he did lately to a musical journalist of this city on the "permanent orchestra" topic:

"What is responsible for New York's tardiness in establishing a permanent orchestra?" asked the reporter. "Why should Boston and Chicago be in advance of us in this matter?"

"Too many distractions," Mr. Thomas replied, promptly, "and not enough concentration and unanimity of purpose. In Boston, you know, one man made it possible to have the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In Chicago there are fewer things to interfere with the success of the orchestra. But in New York you have the opera, which takes precedence. Opera is not music. It is antagonistic to it. The opera is realistic; music is ethereal. Wagner did not call operas music; he called them dramas, and there is where they belong. Then there is the distraction of fashion, the Waldorf-Astoria, and other things.

"How long before we shall tire of Beethoven and Wagner on our programmes? They will always be there. Beethoven is no more dead than Shakespeare. Yes, there are new composers coming up here and there all the time, and some of them have merit. We are glad to recognize them, but they do not displace their masters."

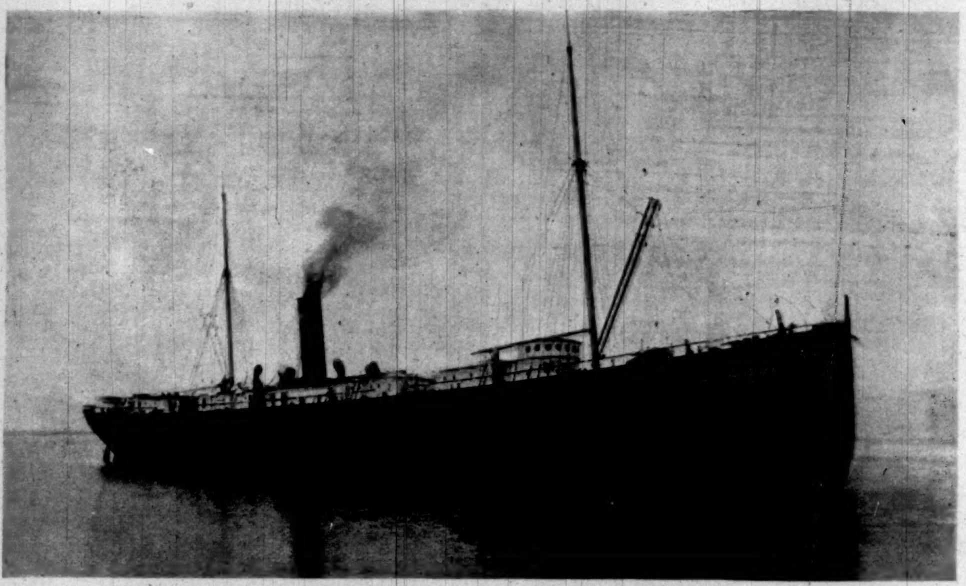
E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

NEW VESSELS FOR THE NAVY.

IN the hurry and rush of war preparations the Navy Department has found it necessary to buy an extensive auxiliary fleet of yachts, tugs, and colliers to assist in naval operations. These vessels are for use as scouts, despatch-boats, patrol and supply vessels. The most noted of these auxiliary boats is the *Mayflower*, recently described in HARPER'S WEEKLY. From time to time other yachts have been bought, and the total cost of the minor crafts to the navy is estimated at about $3,000,000. This money comes from the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, made by Congress to be expended for war preparations at the discretion of the President.

Among the newer additions to this fleet are: (1.) The yacht *Columbia*, renamed the *Wasp*, formerly owned by J. H. Ladew. She was built in Philadelphia. She is of steel, is 180 feet 8 inches long, 22 feet beam, and draws 15 feet of water. Her tonnage is 380. She is four years old. (2.) The *Hornet*, formerly the *Alicia*, was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890, for Henry M. Flagler. She is of steel, measures 302 tons, is 160 feet long, 13 feet 5 inches deep, and of 24 feet beam. (3.) The *Eagle*, formerly the *Almy*, was Frederic Gallatin's yacht. She too was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890. She is of steel, is 170 feet 5 inches long, 24 feet 2 inches wide, and 12 feet 4 inches deep. Her tonnage is 365. (4.) The *Hawk*, formerly the *Hermione*, is also of steel, and belonged to Henry L. Pierce, of Boston. She was built in 1891 at Paisley, Scotland. She is 145 feet long, and measures 360 tons. (5.) The *Vixen*, formerly the *Josephine*, was built in 1896 for P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, at Nixon's ship-yard in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She measures 545 tons, is 191 feet 8 inches long, 28 feet 3 inches wide, and 15 feet 3 inches deep. (6.) The *Scorpion*, formerly the *Sovereign*, belonged to M. C. D. Borden. She is the largest of the six yachts, and approaches the *Mayflower* in size and speed. She measures 627 tons, is 228 feet 5 inches long, 27 feet 8 inches wide, and 16 feet 7 inches deep.

All these yachts will be armed with rapid-fire guns, the largest size being 6-pounders. Some of the vessels will be available in time as torpedo-boats. At present their armament will be such as to cope with an attack by torpedo-boats. All are to have a thin strip of steel plating placed on their sides as an extra precaution against light-weight missiles. Their speed varies from 14 to 18 knots an hour. They will be commanded by officers of the Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Commander rank, and probably will be ready for service within ten days.



U. S. S. "YOSEMITE"; FORMERLY MORGAN LINE STEAMSHIP "EL SUD."
Recently purchased, with three Sister Ships, by the United States Government.

The purchases of war-ships abroad for the navy have been four: the *New Orleans*, formerly the *Amazonas*, and her sister ship, the *Albany*, formerly the *Abrouall*, both of which were being finished in England for the Brazilian navy; the *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, built originally for Portugal, and the *Somers*, a small torpedo-boat secured in Germany. The *New Orleans* was finished when bought, and sailed promptly for this country in company with the *San Francisco*, our flagship on the European station. She was described recently in the WEEKLY.

The *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, is the latest addition to the foreign-bought war-ships. Portugal never took the ship after she was finished. She is a vessel of the *Detroit* class, measures 1800 tons, is of about 16 knots speed, carries six 4.7-inch guns in her main battery and ten rapid-fire guns of various sizes in her secondary battery. She has a protective deck. Little is known in this country of the torpedo-boat *Somers*, except that she was purchased in Pillau, Germany, and is about 75 feet long. She probably is slow, as torpedo-boats go, and will be able to show only 20-knots speed. The *Topeka* is to act as her consort in the difficult trip across the Atlantic.

One of the most important purchases of ships by the navy was that of the four Morgan liners *El Norte*, *El Sud*, *El Sol*, and *El Rio*. They are fast ships, capable, it is said, of making twenty knots an hour. They have been plying between New York and New Orleans. They are of about 4500 tons each, 380 feet long, 46 feet wide, and draw about 20 feet of water. They are fine specimens of marine architecture. They will be armed with 5-inch guns in their main batteries and 6-pounders and smaller rapid-fire guns in their secondary batteries. Each will have three magazines. They have a large steaming radius, and it is probable that in case our army invades Cuba they will be used as troop-ships. These appropriate names have been selected for them—*Yankee*, *Dixie*, *Prairie*, and *Yosemite*.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Fame and notoriety are apt to be confused, especially just now by the yellow journalists, who seem to think that noise thoroughly made can accomplish anything, even to the making of small men great, and bad causes good. One of the most notorious men of the day is William Hearst, who doubtless looks upon himself as a man of might and a famous public character; but even his transient notoriety is inferior to that of some other men of our day, who have come in the Lord's good time to their punishment and to obscurity. One such person, who died in London on April 1, was Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. In his day he was one of the best known men in the world. Twenty-five years ago "The Claimant" and his pretensions were a matter for almost daily report and discussion in most of the newspapers in the world that were printed in English. The story is still so familiar that it is hardly necessary to rehearse it.

Roger Charles Tichborne, heir to a great estate held by his uncle, being a wild youth, was sent to South America for the improvement of his morals. In 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro to New York. The ship he took passage in was lost, with all on board, and his brother succeeded to the estate. But his mother would not believe that he was dead, and continued to advertise for him in American and Australian papers, until in 1865 her perseverance was rewarded by a letter from Wagga Wagga, Australia, which purported to be from her missing Roger. As the result of correspondence, "The Claimant" arrived in London, on Christmas day, 1866. A few months after, Lady Tichborne received him as her son, and treated him as such until she died, in 1868. After a while he brought suit for the Tichborne estates, money for legal expenses being provided by popular subscription. The trial began in May, 1871, and lasted 103 days. It was enormously expensive. Sergeant Ballantine appeared for the plaintiff; but the case went against the Claimant, and it was demonstrated that he was Arthur Orton, son of an East London butcher. Two years later the defeated Claimant was prosecuted for forgery and perjury, and, after a trial that lasted nine months, was sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude.

After serving his term of imprisonment he came to New York, and for a time was a barkeeper in a Chatham Square saloon, but returned eventually to England, where, three years ago, he published a confession, recounting his experiences, and admitting that he was Arthur Orton.

The remarkable feature of the Tichborne case was the extraordinary support and sympathy the Claimant found in his effort to make his pretensions good. He imposed upon persons of all classes, but especially upon the poor, as a man battling against wealth and position for his birthright. The British passion for justice was roused in his behalf, great sums of money were raised and spent for him, very eminent counsel conducted his cases, and long after he had gone to prison there were thousands of good Britishers who believed that justice had been denied him, and that might had triumphed over right.

His lie was wonderfully well stuck to, but, after all, it did not prove to be as good as the truth. A lie seldom does in the end. The yellow journals are slow to believe it, but time tells.

The James Russell Lowell Memorial Fund has got its second wind, and is moving along. In the week ending April 2 it gained $1200. The total amount to the credit of the fund at that date was $27,556, which left about $7500 still to be contributed.

The intention, lately disclosed, of Dr. Charles A. Briggs to apply for admission to the ministry of the Episcopal Church is an interesting piece of news, which will illustrate, to laymen unfamiliar with the fine points of doctrine, the superior accommodations afforded by the Episcopal fold to persons whose religious views are what we are used to call "modern." Dr. Briggs is an able man and an accomplished scholar, and should prove a valuable recruit to the ministry of any church with the doctrines of which he is in accord. His present status in the Presbyterian Church is that of a suspended minister.

W. C. Brann, of Waco, Texas, met an appropriate end on April 2, as the result of a meeting with Captain M. T. Davis. Both gentlemen used pistols, and Captain Davis was wounded, perhaps fatally. Brann was a remarkable character. He was born in Kentucky about thirty-five years ago, was educated for a preacher, and entered the Baptist ministry, where the boldness of his attacks on accepted ideas soon made him conspicuous. He was too progressive, however, for his ministerial brethren, and was expelled from the Baptist Church. Then he turned newspaper man, practising that profession first in Kansas, and later in Texas. After feeling the pulse of the public at Houston, he went to San Antonio, and there started the *Iconoclast*, but the vigor of his strictures on men and matters there presently caused him to be mobbed, and then he moved to Waco. There he followed the same methods, but with better success, and was able to enlist popular sentiment on his side. His death was a consequence of a series of attacks which he made on the faculty of the Baptist university at Waco. For this he was set upon and beaten last October by students of the university; but he continued to give offence, and was presently again assaulted and beaten by one of the trustees, assisted by two students. That led to a fight with pistols between Brann's friend, Judge Gerald of Waco, and W. A. Harris, editor of a Waco paper. Harris was killed, Gerald dangerously wounded. Brann went right on expressing his views with entire candor, until, as stated, Captain Davis intervened, and pacification has followed.

Brann was a very vigorous writer, with much humor, and was, as may be conjectured, thoroughly earnest in what he undertook. It is told to his credit that he was kind, brave, and sincere, loved his friends, hated his foes, and fought for the side he believed to be right. The trouble was that his discernment of right and wrong was not clear. Judging from the attractions that New York seems to have for successful journalists of San Francisco, St. Louis, and other Western cities, it does not seem unlikely that if Brann's usefulness had been protracted for another decade he would have used up all likely subjects of offence in Waco, and moved into this Klondike of Occidental editors. There are so many, many things and creatures here that are fit to engage the attention of such a person! It is too late now, but one sighs to think of what might have been if Brann had not dallied too long in Texas—of the yachts he might have sailed, the funds he might have started, and the delegations of Congressmen that he might have sent here and there to do his errands. But perhaps so much "success" as that is only possible to impulsiveness when it is heavily backed by capital.

It is a time to keep busy; a time when the mouth tends to get dry, and rival considerations to contend for the control of our minds; a time when apparent vacillation is almost inevitable because of the moral obligation on all serious-minded thinkers to give peace every possible chance before accepting war. Blessed is the man in such times who has enough to do and does it, and who need only spend his leisure, and not his whole time, in speculating about what is to be done and what will come of it. In the end the world's affairs can only be conducted by letting every man stick to his own job and bear its responsibilities. Each of us who is trying to settle for himself and by himself the question of our duty to Cuba, to ourselves, and to Spain will be obliged in the end to fall in with whatever determination the President and Congress reach. The state of anxious doubt is about the worst state possible. That, at this writing, we are experiencing in an acute form. It is not likely that there is anything worse in store for us. Let us avail ourselves of part of our fortitude for present use, go earnestly about our business, and have confidence that whatever stream we come to we shall find a way to cross. Our government is pretty accurately representative of our people, and that is all we can ask. Its mistakes, if it makes any, will be ours; its creditable achievements will be ours too. We are all going together. What more can we ask than that?

This is the London *Spectator's* judgment, published under date of March 26, of what President McKinley, as the spokesman and Executive of the American people, will find it necessary to do in the matter of Cuba:

> In the end he will, we feel convinced, fall back upon the profound American conviction that everything will always go right if there is only "liberty," will demand that Spain withdraw her hand from Cuba, and will leave the fate of the island to be settled after the war. After all, Mexico and Chile are fairly governed, life in the Brazils is endurable, though most Cuban conditions exist there, and if the worst comes to the worst, the States will not be ruined because Cuba has to be administered for a quarter of a century as three or four Territories of the great republic.

That is what a sympathetic and intelligent looker-on sees in the game that just now engrosses all our interests.

President Eliot, in a recent address before the Dorchester (Massachusetts) Woman's Club, discussed the happy marriage, and gave it what free and easy writers call a first-class notice. A very brief extract from his address credits him with saying that the idealizing devotion with which the happy marriage begins is the most admirable thing in human nature. He does not seem to favor the idea that the corner-stone of happiness in marriage is a sufficient income secured against the chances of fortune. On the contrary, he declares, as the *Transcript* quotes him, that the young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords. The chief conditions of a happy marriage, as he finds them, are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife. No doubt he enlarged upon these conditions, and qualified the idea of the superlative importance of the latter two by taking large views of them. We often see, for example, people very happily married whose minds are so differently constituted that it seems impossible that they should have more than a limited number of intellectual interests in common. But there are different kinds of good minds, and minds that supplement one another seem quite as well suited to harmonious associations as those that run in parallel grooves.

So as to a common religious belief. That must mean agreement in the great essentials, the roots of which lie deep in character, and which really determine standards and shape conduct. The existence of practical agreement of this sort is not necessarily inconsistent with much variation in details of belief which are important but not really vital. A marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic may be happy, though such alliances are highly inconvenient. The marriage which may be expected to fail is one between persons who are not likely to agree as to what is right and what is wrong.

The powers of Greater New York are to be congratulated on finding a good and sufficient reason for suppressing the Charter-day celebration which was planned for next month. The appropriation of $50,000 to pay for the show was defeated by representatives of the Borough of Brooklyn, and that left a large embarrassment on the committee's hands. It must have been a prodigious relief to the responsible committee-men to have the conclusion reached that the prospects of the country are so stormy as to make local glorifications untimely and inexpedient. So Charter day will receive only such emphasis this year as may be furnished by events not under Tammany's control.

Mr. William McLennan, the author of *Spanish John*, a story which lately ran as a serial in Harper's Magazine, was the victim of an inadvertence which has made it necessary for him to rise and account to a correspondent of the *Bookman* for the similarity between certain passages in his story and passages in a certain rare memoir of one Colonel M. McDonnell. Mr. McLennan says the likeness is due to the fact that he used the McDonnell memoir in making his story, as also the chronicles of O'Callaghan, Père Labat, and other early Canadian writers. What makes it necessary now for him to make these explanations is the inadvertence noted, for when originally he completed his story he gave careful credit in a preface to all his forerunners and authorities, but this preface was not required or suitable for publication in a magazine, and when the story was made into a book its insertion was overlooked. In future editions of *Spanish John* the preface will appear.

The *Critic* prints a letter from Mr. St. Gaudens in which he denies that he has moved to Paris with the intention of remaining there. He says:

> I came to stay two or three months, but there is so much to do and see here that my stay has been prolonged; that is all. Now that I am on this side of the water, I want to see all I can, and after I have visited Spain and Greece I shall return. I have given up my studio in Thirty-sixth Street because I want something better when I return; and as to the things I had mo[illegible]ver here, they are the Shaw and the Puritan (with some of the medallions), of which I shall have reductions made; they do those things so well here in France.

The explanation is complete and most satisfactory. Mr. St. Gaudens is certainly entitled to choose for himself where he will work, but it is most agreeable to his brethren in art, and to his fellow-countrymen generally, to have him abide by New York.

A bill now before Congress authorizes the President to pay and issue rations to State troops gathered for instruction and drill. If the bill should be passed (and bills of that nature are likely to get graver consideration for some time to come than for some years past), the practical question will come up of how best to train the State militia for usefulness as a National Guard. A plan not unlikely to be adopted is that outlined in the current Harper's Magazine by Captain James Parker, which proposes an American Aldershot—a training-camp; that is, where troops from any State may be sent to drill and manœuvre with regulars.

Captain Parker's plan contemplates the establishment of such a camp on Long Island, and the location there of at least three regiments of regular troops. That would be a convenient centre for the militia of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Almost half of the National Guard, as at present organized, is within 250 miles of it. If the plan turned out to be advantageous, other camps would be located at other centres. "As to expense," says Captain Parker, "it will cost no more than a new battle-ship." There was a time when the cost of a new battle-ship staggered us, but that was long, long ago, when the *Maine* was still afloat. We buy battle-ships now by the cord, and never wink, and we may presently show analogous hardihood in making provision for a few desirable camps.

The French Court of Appeal has decided that Zola shall go free, and neither serve his term of imprisonment nor pay his fine. The decision is based on the technicality that the charges on which he was tried should have been made by the president of the Esterhazy court martial, and not by the Minister of War. The fact seems to be that the French government has had enough of Zola, and being anxious to wash its hands of him, has seized the most convenient expedient to turn him loose. No doubt it would also be glad to be rid of Dreyfus, and would be relieved if the report of his death, which the newspapers printed on April 6, turned out to be true. Zola seems to be very much ahead on his recent transactions. He has provided a lot of very lively music, and won't have to pay the piper, after all.

We shall have to re-read *Vanity Fair*. The new edition of it—the first of the thirteen volumes of the Biographical Edition (Harper's) is out, and brings an introduction twenty-five pages long, which Mrs. Ritchie has filled with delightful glimpses and memories of her father. There is not enough of it; there never has been anything like enough available information about Thackeray, but there is enough to make one want a great deal more, and as each volume of the set is to have a similar introduction, that demand is to be in some degree supplied.

What Mrs. Ritchie seems to have wished to do in the present instalment of her precious wares is to consider her father in his relations with his first great novel, to let us look at him as he appeared while he was writing it, and to give us a glimpse of the experiences in his life which gave him some of the pictures that went to the making of this particular book. She tells a little about his return from India in his childhood, about his school days, about his visit to Germany in 1830, and his stay at Weimar, and how he saw the venerable Goethe. Then we see him sixteen years later, settled in his house in Kensington Square, writing an immortal book.

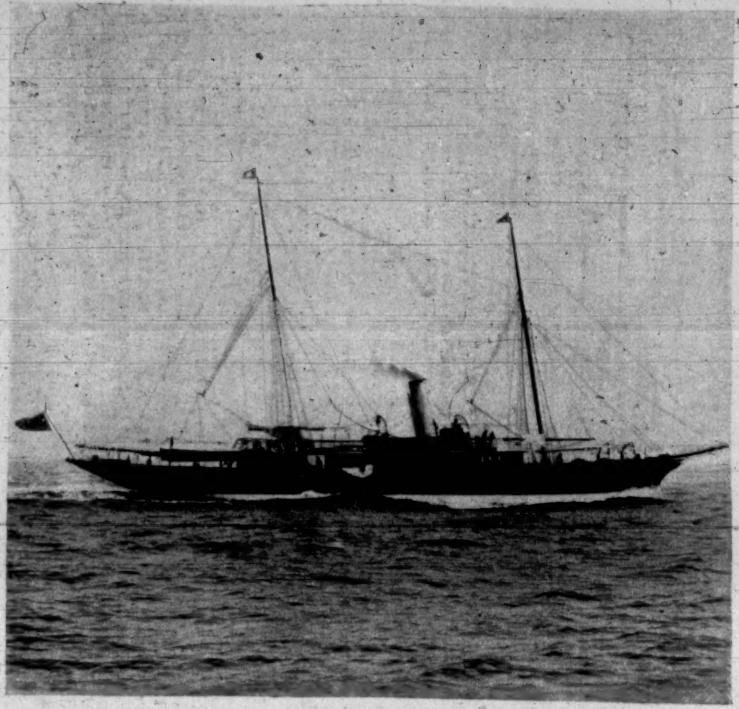
A great part of this introduction is made up of extracts from letters, several of them from Thackeray to his mother. There is one brief extract from a letter written to India by Thackeray's mother which tells of her meeting with her son in England when she and her husband got home from India. She went to fetch him from the school at Chiswick—the Chiswick of Miss Pinkerton's establishment—where he was. She writes:

> He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He is the living image of his father, and God in Heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life! He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful.

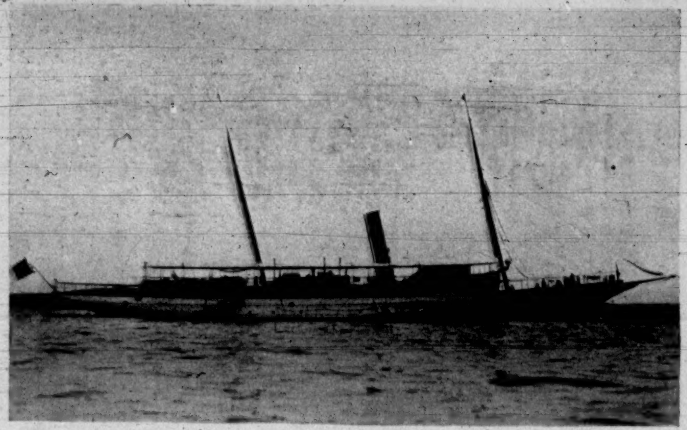
In those few lines and between them there is a deal of biography. They give a better notion of the qualities of Thackeray's father and mother than most readers have ever before gained.

"Old Brooke" is dead—the "Brooke" of *Tom Brown's School Days*. He was the Rev. J. P. Gell, rector of Buxted, in Sussex, England. The *Saturday Review* speaks of him as probably the last survivor of Arnold's famous "Sixth." He began his career as an official of the Colonial Office, was sent to Tasmania, and there married a daughter of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer. Afterwards he took orders, became a preacher of note, and worked himself out in what was a country parish when he took it, but which London swept over and inundated with bricks. For twenty years he lived at Buxted, where he was sent on the failure of his health by Archbishop Tait. The *Saturday Review* calls him "almost an ideal country parson, the friend and fellow-worker of the non-conformists, a true father of the poor, and counsellor of all."

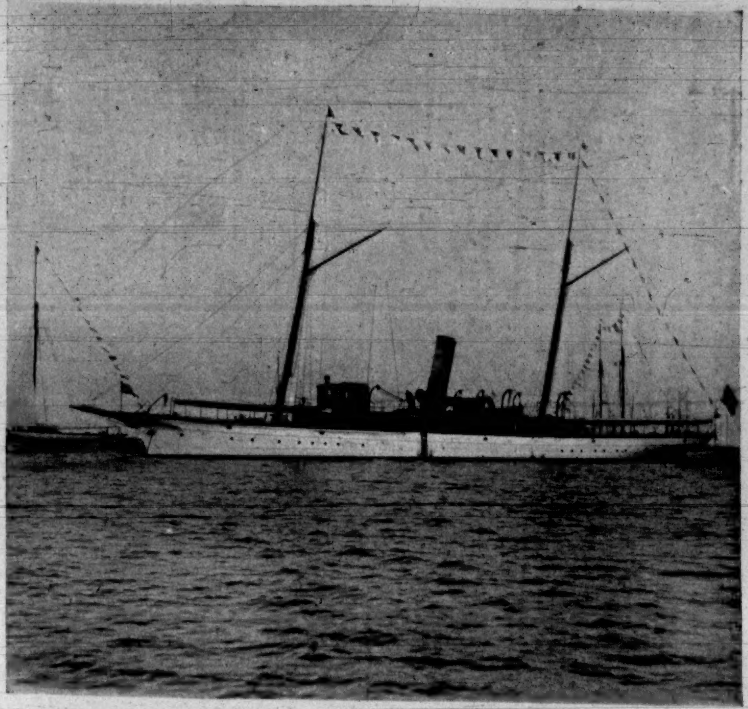
E. S. Martin.



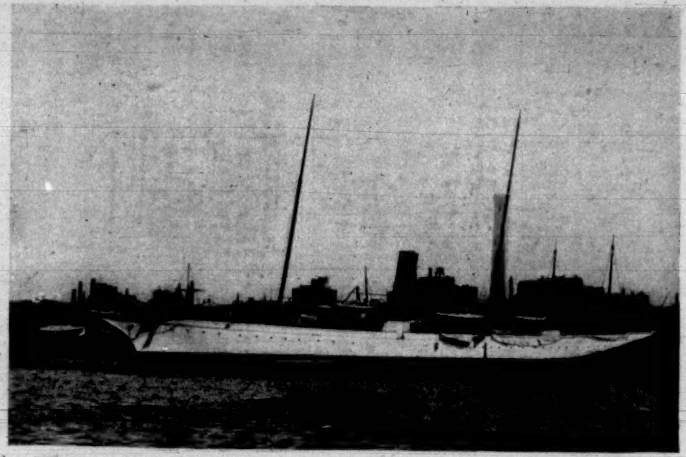
U. S. S "HAWK."
Formerly H. L. Pierce's "Hermione."



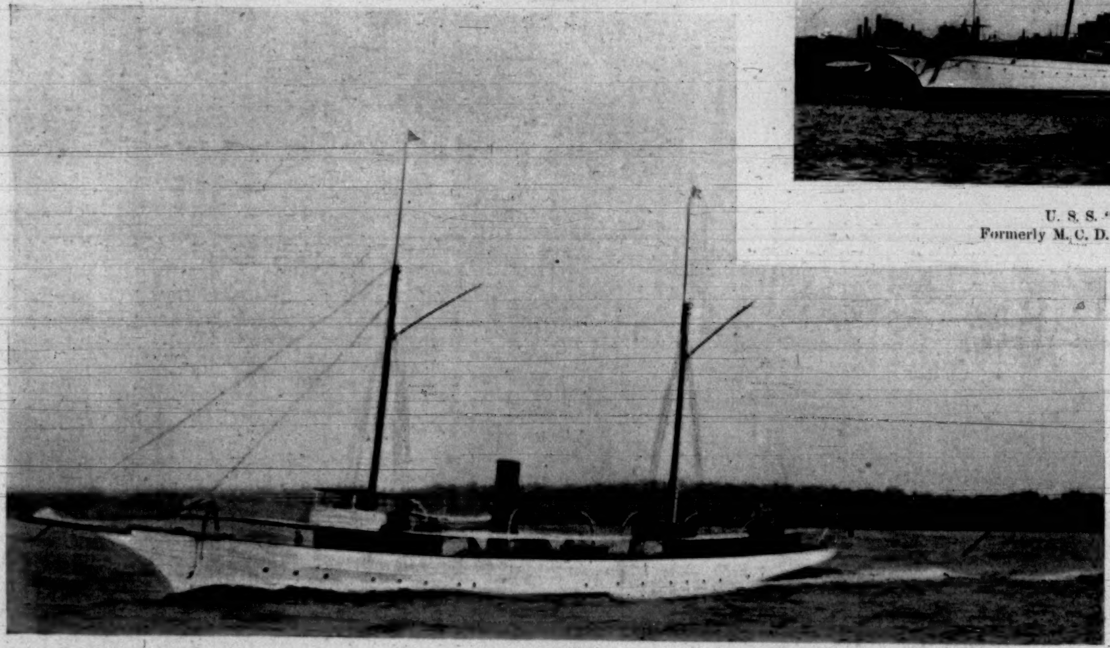
U. S. S. "VIXEN."
Formerly P. A. B. Widener's "Josephine."



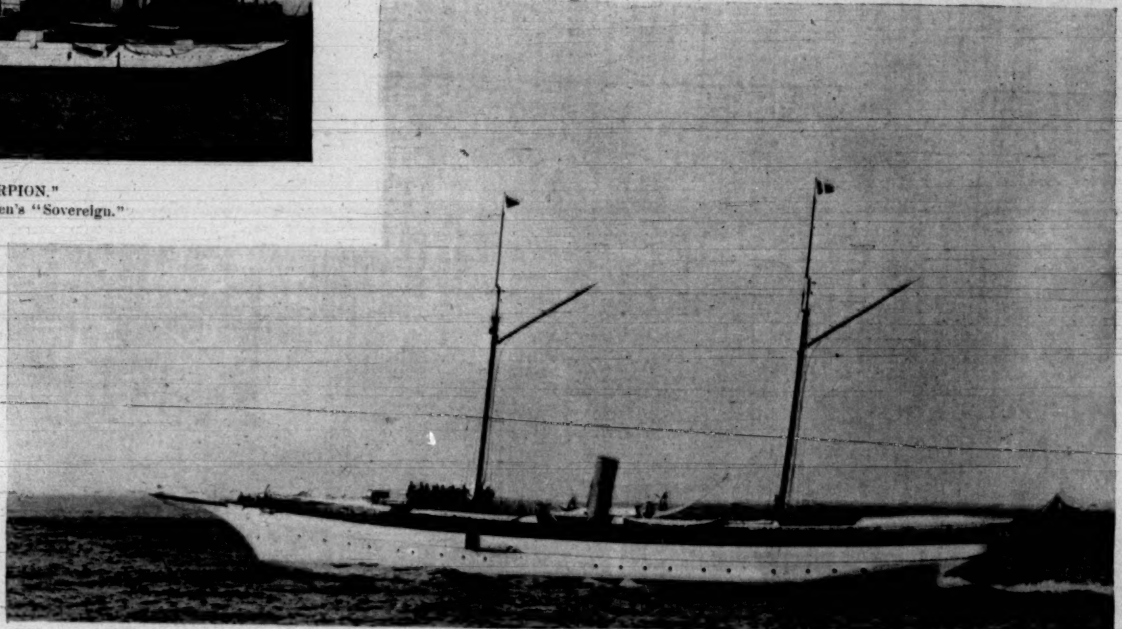
U. S. S. "WASP."
Formerly J. H. Ladew's "Columbia."



U. S. S. "SCORPION."
Formerly M. C. D. Borden's "Sovereign."

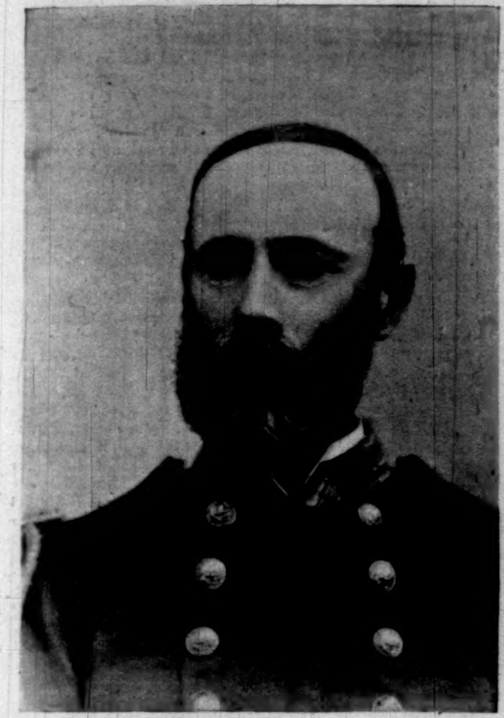


U. S. S. "HORNET."
Formerly H. M. Flagler's "Alicia."



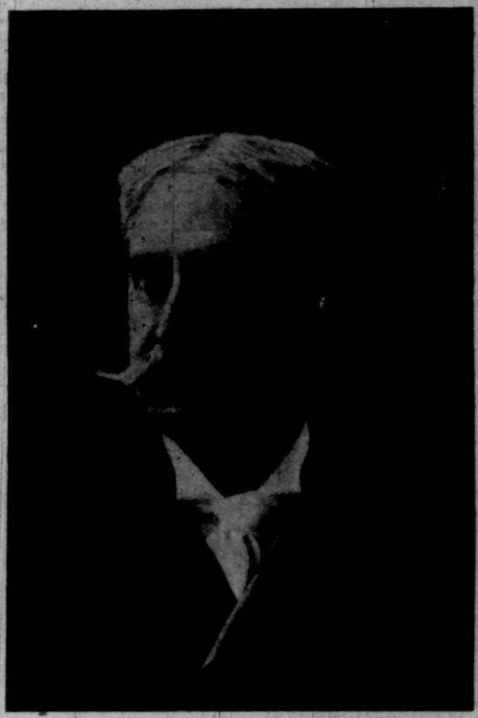
U. S. S. "EAGLE."
Formerly Frederic Gallatin's "Almy."

YACHTS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY—RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE AUXILIARY FLEET.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins and E. Muller.—[See Page 366.]

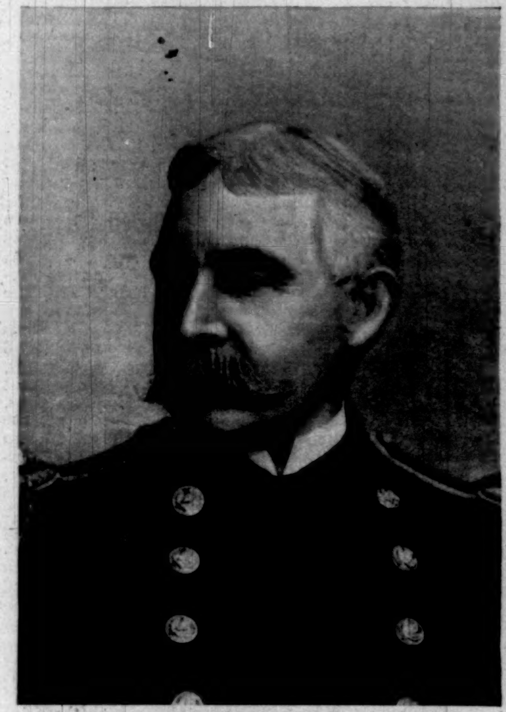


CAPTAIN PURNELL F. HARRINGTON, U.S.N.,
Double-Turret Monitor "Puritan."

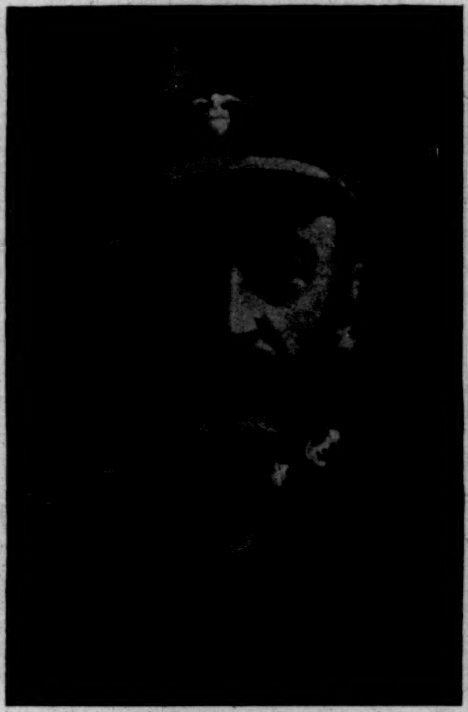
CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, U.S.N.,
2d Class Battle-Ship "Texas."
Photograph by Gutekunst.



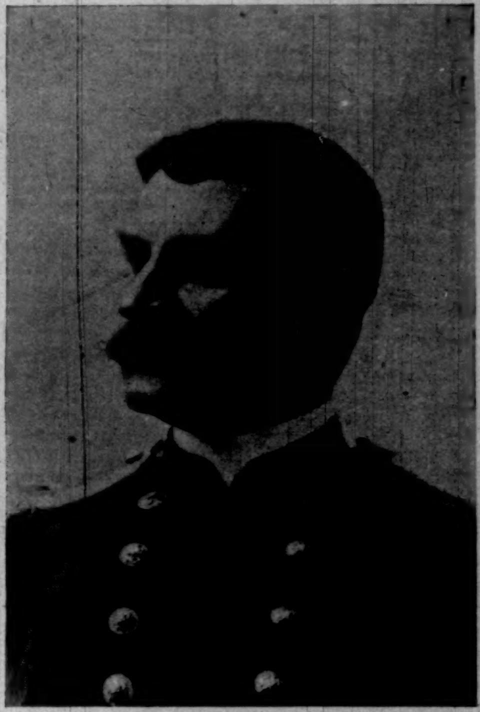
CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, U.S.N.,
Double Turret Monitor "Terror."



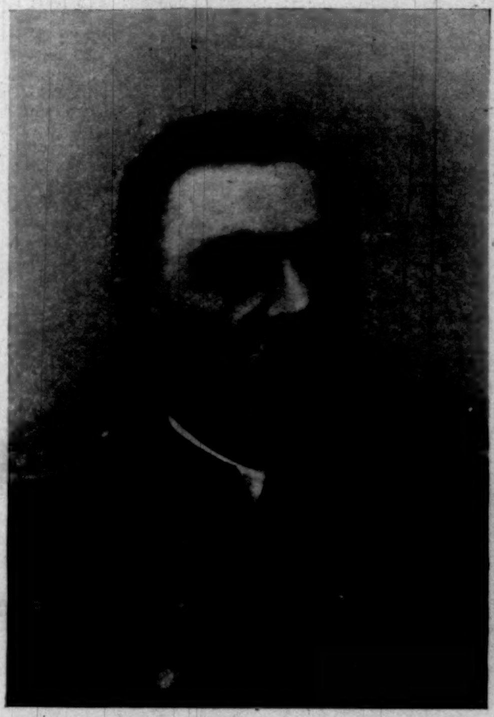
CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Cincinnati."



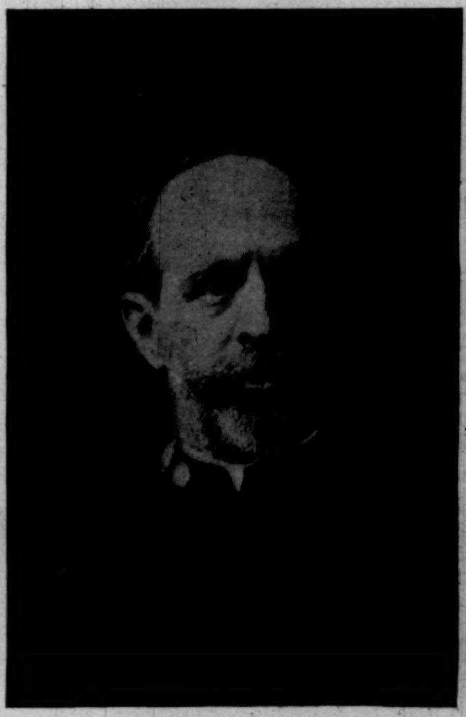
COMMANDER BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Marblehead."



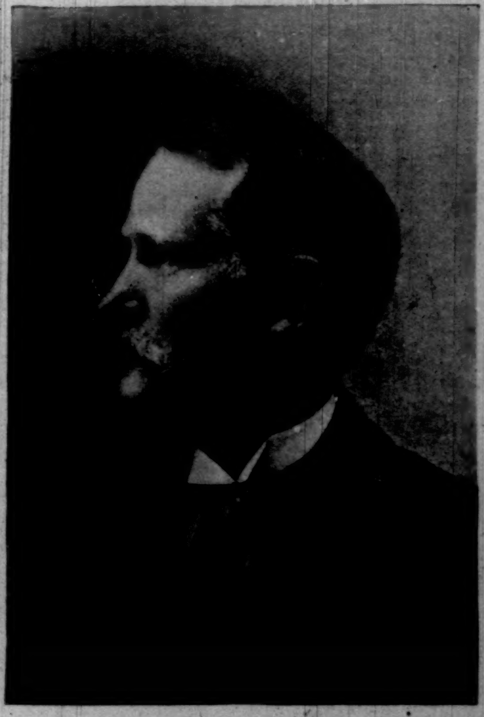
CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis."



COMMANDER JOHN F. MERRY, U.S.N.,
Gunboat "Machias."



COMMANDER GEORGE A. CONVERSE, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Montgomery."
From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by Frank H. Child, Newport, R. I.



COMMANDER WASHBURN MAYNARD, U.S.N.,
Light-draught Gunboat "Nashville."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."

Owing to the strained relations between Spain and the United States over the Cuban question, the recent tests which have been made of the submarine boat *Holland* at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, have attracted wide attention. Up to March 27 the little craft had made four successful dives, and had shown its ability to navigate under water. On one of the tests a dummy projectile was also shot from the aerial torpedo-gun in the bow. On the last of the four tests the craft was inspected by a naval officer, who sent a report to the government as to its availability in warfare.

The first attempt to show the value of the *Holland* occurred on March 18. The boat, after running a few feet on the surface, dipped its nose sharply and went down under water. After it had reached a depth of six feet it was brought to an even keel, and ran for about 400 yards under the surface, its two short steel masts, one at the bow and one at the stern, showing above the water, and indicating to observers not only its speed, but the fact that it was on an even keel. The test was pronounced a success so far as it went.

A few days later the *Holland* made another attempt. It sank while running at full speed, by simply filling its tanks and submerging itself as it proceeded. This time it went out of sight completely. After going for 100 yards completely submerged, it reappeared gradually, and it was declared a success.

The *Holland* is properly a diving-boat. While lying on the surface of the water it can fire an aerial torpedo, containing 100 pounds of gun-cotton, the distance of a mile. It carries three 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes, which it discharges from a tube in the bow under water. It has a submarine gun in the stern, intended to propel a projectile a distance of 500 yards under water. It is propelled on the surface by a gasoline-engine. Under water the motive force is supplied from electric storage batteries. Two horizontal rudders cause the boat to dip its nose when they are pressed down in the rear. Elevated, they bring the boat to the surface. The boat can also be sunk by allowing tanks to be filled, which nearly overcome its buoyancy. When the boat is to be brought to the surface this water is expelled by compressed air, several large tanks of which are carried to supply fresh air to the crew constantly, and to operate the aerial gun in the bow. An elaborate system of registers indicates the depth to which the boat has descended. To remain under water the boat must be kept moving. It is fifty-five feet long, and about eleven feet in diameter at the centre. Its crew will consist of six men. It is supposed to be capable of running fifty miles under the water.

SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."
At the Dock before starting on her Official Trial Trip.

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

The information contained in this article is compiled mainly from a "List of the Battle-ships, Cruisers, and Torpedo-boats of the Spanish Navy," prepared in the Military Information Division of the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington.

Spain has but two war-vessels that are rated in the class of battle-ships, the *Vitoria* and the *Pelayo*, and the former is a "broadside" of antiquated model, used as a training-ship heretofore, but understood to be undergoing equipment with 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns for war service. She is an old iron vessel of 7250 tons displacement, 318 feet 3 inches long, 55 feet 10 inches beam, and a maximum draught of 25 feet 3 inches. She has a 5.5-inch armor belt, and her speed is 11 knots. Her normal coal-supply is 875 tons, and her complement of men 561.

The *Pelayo* is a rather powerful battle-ship of steel, of 9900 tons displacement, 330 feet long, 66 feet beam, 24 feet 11 inches draught. She carries an armor belt 17.75 inches thick, increasing to 19.25 about the barbette in which her guns are mounted, and has a 4-inch steel defensive deck. Her armament consists of two 12.5-inch and two 11-inch heavy ordnance, one 6.2-inch and twelve 4.7-inch guns, six smaller rapid-fire and twelve machine guns, and she has seven torpedo-tubes. Her speed is 16 knots, coal-supply 800 tons, complement 600 men. She has been at Toulon receiving new boilers and some more modern rapid-fire guns, and being fitted with barbette turrets and a ram bow. She has just been ordered to Cartagena, with the French workmen on board.

There is another old broadside iron ship, the *Numancia*, of about the same size and power as the *Vitoria*, which is reported to be receiving new machinery and new armament in 6.2-inch and 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns. She has been classed rather as a port-defence vessel than a battle-ship, and can make only 8 knots.

But Spain is pretty strong in first-class armored cruisers. The *Emperador Carlos V.* is a formidable vessel of 9235 tons displacement, 380 feet long with a ram bow, 67 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, and her speed is 20 knots. Her armor belt consists of only 2 inches of Harvey steel, except about the gun-turrets, which are placed one forward and one aft, and there the armor is 10 inches thick. Each turret carries a big 11-inch Hontoria gun, and the rest of the armament consists of eight 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns, four 3.9-inch, two 2.7-inch, four 2.2-inch, and six machine guns. There are six torpedo-tubes; the coal capacity of the vessel is 1200 tons, and the complement of men 535.

There are six other modern armored cruisers of 7000 and one of 6840 tons. To three of these, the *Cardenal Cisneros*, *Cataluña*, and *Princesa de Asturias*, precisely the same description applies. Each is 347 feet 10 inches long, 61 feet beam, and 21 feet 10 inches draught, has a 12-inch armor-belt, reduced to 10.5 at the gun position, which is "central battery," and a 2-inch steel protective deck. The speed is 20 knots, and the armament consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch rapid-fire, two 2.7-inch, four 2.2-inch, four 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. Each has also eight torpedo-tubes, carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and has 500 officers and men. The other three, 7000 ton, are the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the *Vizcaya*, and answer to the same description, except that the *Infanta Maria Teresa* has slightly exceeded the speed of 20 knots with which the others are credited. Each is 340 feet long, 65 feet beam, and 21 feet 6 inches draught. The armor belt is 12 inches, except around the gun position (central battery), where it is 10.5 inches, and the steel deck is 3 inches thick. The armament of the *Almirante Oquendo* consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch Hontoria, eight 2.2-inch, and eight 1.4 inch rapid-fire, and two machine guns. That of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* differs from this only in having both the 11-inch and the 5.5-inch guns of the Hontoria type, and that of the *Vizcaya* only in having 5.5-inch guns as well as those of small calibre of the rapid-fire type. Practically the three are of equal power, and each carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and a complement of 500 men. In fact, the six cruisers are substantially alike. The *Cristóbal Colon*, 6840 tons, is slightly smaller and less heavily armed, but has the same speed. Her length is 328 feet, beam 59 feet 8 inches, draught 24. She has only 6 inches of armor plate, and a 1.5-inch protective deck. Her two large guns are 10 inch, and mounted in barbettes, one forward and one aft. The rest of her armament consists of ten 6-inch rapid-fire guns, six 4.7-inch, ten 2.2-inch, ten 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. She has four torpedo-tubes, coal-supply of 1000 tons, complement 450 men.

These include all of Spain's fighting-ships of the first class, but she has several second-class cruisers. The largest of these, the *Alfonso XIII.*, might fairly be rated first class, as she displaces 5000 tons, and has a speed of 20 knots. She is 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, and is protected with a 4.5-inch steel deck over engines and machinery. Her armament consists of four 7.8-inch Hontoria guns, six 4.7-inch, six 2.2-inch, six 1.4-inch rapid-fire, and three machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes, can carry 1200 tons of coal, and is manned by 276 officers and seamen.

Next to her is the *Lepanto*, 4826 tons, 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, protected by 4.75-inch steel deck; speed, 20 knots. Her armament is four 7.8-inch Hontorias, six 4.7-inch rapid-fire, six 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and five Maxims. She has five torpedo-tubes, carries 1100 tons of coal, and 276 men.

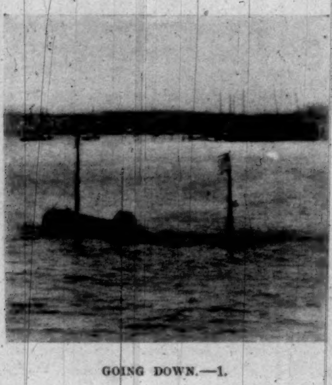
The unarmored and unprotected steel cruiser *Reina Christina* is of 3520 tons displacement, 282 feet 2 inches long, 42 feet 7 inches beam, 16 feet 5 inches draught, and has a speed of 17.5 knots. She is armed with six 6.2-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7-inch, three 2.2-inch, two 1.5-inch rapid-fire, six 3-pounders, and two machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes; coal capacity, 600 tons; complement of men, 375. Of a similar type, but of 3342 tons displacement, are the *Aragon*, *Castilla*, and *Navarra*. The last named differs slightly in model from the other two. The *Aragon* and *Castilla* are each 246 feet long, 45 feet 11 inches beam, and 20 feet 11 inches draught, have a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 470 tons, and 300 men. The *Navarra* differs in these items only in being 13 feet 1 inch shorter, 3 feet 4 inches less beam, and 7 inches less draught. The armament of the *Aragon* is six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 3.3-inch Krupp, four 2.9-inch, and two machine guns; that of the *Castilla*, four 5.9-inch Krupp, two 4.7-inch, two 3.3-inch, and four 2.9-inch, eight rapid-fire, and two machine guns; the *Navarra*, four 5.9-inch, two 4.7-inch, two 3.4-inch, four 2.9-inch, and four machine guns. Each vessel has two torpedo-tubes.

The next in size are the *Alfonso XII.* and the *Reina Mercedes*, each of 3090 tons. Length, 278 feet 10 inches; beam, 42 feet 7 inches; draught, 16 feet 5 inches; speed, 17.5 knots; coal-supply, 600 tons; complement, 300 men. Each has five torpedo-tubes, but their armaments differ. The *Alfonso XII.* carries six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7-inch, and six 6-pounder rapid-fire, four 3-pounder, and five machine guns. The *Reina Mercedes* has six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7-inch, three 2.2-inch rapid-fire, two 1.5-inch, six 1.4-inch, and two machine guns.

The other Spanish cruisers fall below the minimum size for second-class vessels—2000 tons. The largest is the *Velasco*, 1152 tons, 209 feet 11 inches long, 29 feet 3 inches beam, 12 feet 5 inches draught. Speed, 14.3 knots; coal-supply, 220 tons; complement, 173 men. She is armed with three 5.9-inch Armstrong guns, two 2.7-inch Hontorias, and two machine-guns. There are five cruisers of 1130 tons each—the *Conde de Venadito*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Infanta Isabel*, and *Isabel II.* The description answers precisely for all except in details of armament. Each is 210 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 12 feet 6 inches draught, has a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 220 tons, and 130 men. The armament of the *Conde de Venadito* is four 4.7-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7-inch, two rapid-fire, and five machine guns. The others are substantially the same in power. There are also three cruisers of 1030 tons each—the *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, and the *Marques de Ensenada*. Each is 185 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 11 feet 6 inches draught. The first two named have a speed of 16 knots, and the last 15; each can carry 160 tons of coal, and the *Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon* have 160 and the *Marques de Ensenada* 164 men. The armament of each of the first two is four 4.7-inch Hontoria, four 6-pounder rapid-fire, two 3-pounder, and two machine guns, and that of the latter four 4.7-inch Hontoria, five rapid-fire, and four machine guns. The former have three and the latter four torpedo-tubes.

This exhausts the list of cruisers proper, though there are two others so called, the *Quiros* and *Villabolos*, each 815 tons, for service in the Philippines. There is an old wooden sloop of war of 935 tons which carries three 4.7-inch Hontoria, two 2.8-inch Krupp, and two machine guns.

The *Don Alvaro de Bezan*, 830 tons and 235 feet long; *Dona Maria de Molina*, same size; *Destructor*, 458 tons, 192 feet 6 inches long; *Filipinas*, 750 tons, 213 feet; *Galicia*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Marques de la Vitoria*, 830 tons, 235 feet; *Marques de Molina*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Martin Alonzo Pinzon*, same size; *Nueva España*, 630 tons, 190 feet; *Rapido*, 570 tons, 190 feet; *Temerario*, 590 tons, 190 feet, and the *Vincente Yañez Pinzon*, 571 tons, 190 feet, are classed as torpedo-gunboats. They carry from two to four torpedo-tubes, and have a speed of 19 or 20 knots. The armament of the largest consists of two 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns, four 1.5-inch, and two machine guns. The *General Concha*, 520 tons, is listed as a gunboat, and the *Elcano*, 524 tons, *General Lego*, 524 tons, *Magellanes*, 524 tons, as "gun-vessels." They are somewhat smaller, and lighter in armament, and considerably slower than the torpedo-gunboats. There



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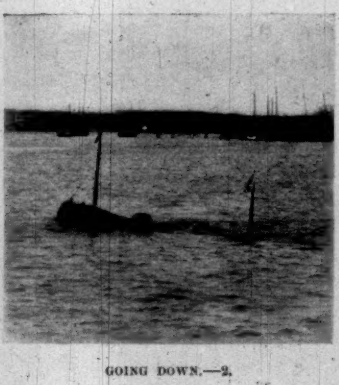

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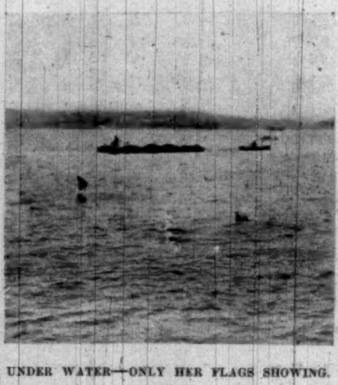
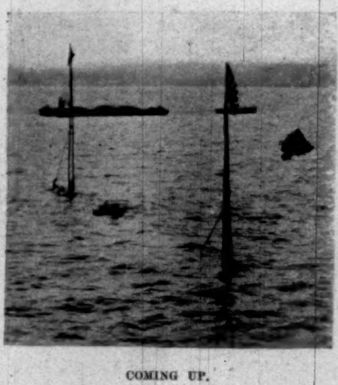
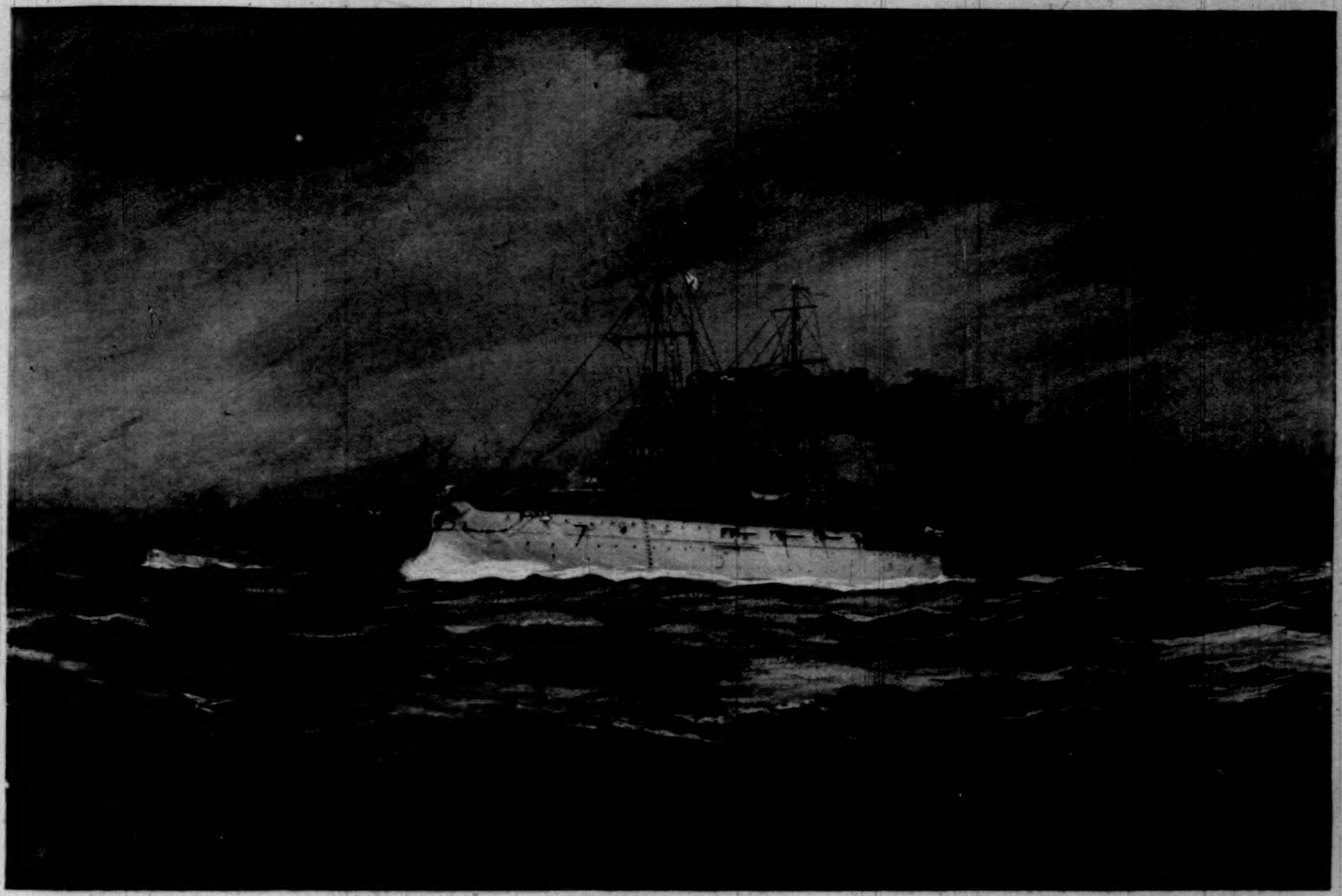


UNDER WATER—ONLY HER FLAGS SHOWING.



COMING UP.

SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND" ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL TRIP.



BATTLE-SHIPS "ILLINOIS," "ALABAMA," AND "WISCONSIN."—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

are two despatch-vessels in the list, identical in description, the *Fernando el Catolico* (used as a torpedo training-ship), and the *Marques del Duero*, 500 tons displacement, 157 feet 5 inches long, and 25 feet 7 inches beam, with a speed of 10 knots.

There is a supplementary list of gunboats "for service in Cuban waters"—the *Hernán Cortés*, 300 tons, one 5.12-inch Parrott gun, 12 knots; *Pizarro*, 300 tons, two 2.95-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, 12 knots; *Vasco Nuñez de Balboa*, 300 tons, one 2.95-inch Nordenfeldt gun, 12.5 knots; *Diego Velasquez*, 200 tons, two 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, and one 1-pounder revolving cannon; *Ponce de Leon*, in all respects like the last; *Alvarado*, 100 tons, one 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt, and one revolving cannon; *Sandoval*, mate to the last. There are also eighteen small steel gunboats for service in Cuba, carrying each one 6-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt rapid-fire gun, and one 1-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatic.

The list of Spain's torpedo-boat-destroyers comprises six vessels—the *Audaz*, which is a formidable craft of 400 tons displacement, and a length of 225 feet, carrying two 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders, besides two torpedo-tubes, and capable of a speed of 30 knots; and the *Furor*, *Terror*, *Osado*, *Pluton*, and *Proserpina*, each of which is of 380 tons displacement, 220 feet long, capable of 28 knots, and carrying two 14-pounder and two 6-pounder rapid-fire and two 37-mm. automatic guns, all Maxim-Nordenfeldt. Each of these vessels carries 100 tons of coal, and has 67 men.

The rest of the torpedo fleet consists of boats ranging from 147 feet 5 inches to 43 feet 4 inches in length, and from 108 to 23 tons displacement. The names, with indication of length in feet and speed in knots, are *Ariete*, 147.5 feet, 26.1 knots; *Rayo*, 147.5 feet, 25.5 knots; *Azor*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Halcon*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Habana*, 127.5 feet, 21.3 knots; *Barcelo*, 126 feet, 19.5 knots; *Orion*, 125 feet, 21.5 knots; *Retamosa*, 118 feet, 20.5 knots; *Julia Ordoñez*, 117.7 feet, 20.1 knots; *Ejercito*, 111.5 feet, 25 knots; *Rigel*, 105 feet, 19 knots; *Pollux*, 80 feet, 19.5 knots; *Castor*, 76.2 feet, 19 knots; *Aire*, 43.4 feet, 8 knots; and four vidette-boats, 60 feet long, making 18.3 knots. These four boats have a light armament, besides their two (in two cases three) torpedo-tubes, and, with the exception of the smallest, carry from thirteen to twenty-five tons of coal, and require from eighteen to twenty-four men to manage them.

Spain has now in process of building one battle-ship of 10,000 tons, one armored cruiser of 10,500 tons, and one of 6840 tons (*Pedro d'Aragon*); two protected cruisers—*Reina Regente*, 5372 tons, and *Rio de la Plata*, 1775 tons—one torpedo-gunboat, 750 tons, and four torpedo-boats of the *Ariete* type. She can also command for arming as cruisers thirteen vessels of the Compañia Trasatlantica of Cadiz, as follows, in order of size, with tonnage and speed indicated. *Magellanes*, 6932 tons, 17 knots; *Buenos Aires*, 5195 tons, 14 knots; *Montevideo*, 5096 tons, 14.5 knots; *Alfonso XII.*, 5063 tons, 15 knots; *Leon XIII.*, 4687 tons, 15 knots; *P. de Satrustegui*, 4638 tons, 15 knots; *Alfonso XIII.*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Reina Maria Cristina*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Isla de Luzon*, 4252 tons, 13 knots; *Isla de Mindanao*, 4195 tons, 13.5 knots; *Isla de Panay*, 3636 tons, 13.5 knots; *Cataluña*, 3488 tons, 14 knots; *Ciudad de Cadiz*, 3084 tons, 13.5 knots.

Reports of Spain's acquisition of new war-vessels of importance by purchase remain unconfirmed. Efforts to purchase those just finished for Brazil and Chili failed, and negotiations for Italian cruisers remain thus far ineffectual. Those sought in Italy are the *Carlo Alberto*, a fine vessel of 6500 tons, with a speed of 20 knots, and the *Giuseppe Garibaldi* (sister to the *Varese*, sold to Argentina), 6840 tons, armored with six inches of Harvey steel.

The effective naval strength of Spain may be summed up from the foregoing detailed description. She has but one really effective battle-ship, the *Pelayo*, which cannot be ready to leave her coast for some time. She has one powerful cruiser in the *Carlos V.* (not immediately available), and seven others which stand high in the first class in all respects. These eight strong and fast cruisers embody her chief fighting forces on the water; but there are eight others, ranging in size from 3000 to 5000 tons, and most of them having a speed of 17 knots or more, which could render effective aid in harassing an enemy. There are nine of the smaller cruisers, of a little more than 1000 tons displacement.

The torpedo-gunboats are strong and speedy craft, and they are twelve in number, in addition to which there are one other gunboat, three "gun-vessels," and two despatch-boats, besides the three 300-ton, two 200-ton, two 100-ton, and eighteen "small" gunboats especially "for service in Cuban waters."

Spain's torpedo fleet is a strong one, and may constitute a formidable part of her naval force. It contains six exceptionally powerful and swift torpedo-boat destroyers, ten torpedo-boats rated as first class according to the English standard, two of the second class, and seven others—twenty-five in all. The vessels now under construction are none of them near enough to completion to be regarded in the present calculation, with the possible exception of the torpedo-boats.

A. K. Fiske.

THREE GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS.

Three more of our battle-ships, the *Illinois*, *Alabama*, and *Wisconsin*, are rapidly advancing toward the time of launching, and by the fall they will be ready to be put in the water. These vessels were provided for by act of Congress approved June 10, 1896, the *Illinois* going to the Newport News Ship-building Company for \$2,595,000, the *Alabama*, for \$2,650,000, going to Cramps', and the *Wisconsin*, for \$2,674,950, going to the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco.

The ships combine structurally the best features of the *Iowa* and the *Kearsarge*, having the high freeboard of the former and the moderate draught of the latter.

As the vessels are sister ships, a description of one applies equally to the others, and the principal dimensions and general features are—length on load water-line, 368 feet; beam, extreme, 72 feet 2.5 inches; freeboard forward, 19 feet 6 inches; freeboard aft, 13 feet 6 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; draught at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; load displacement, 12,150 tons; draught at load displacement, 24 feet 7.5 inches; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; speed (estimated), 16 knots; normal coal-supply, 800 tons; total bunker capacity, 1200 tons; complement, 490.

These ships are the most formidable battle-ships we have yet designed, and in the powers of offence and defence are the equal, if not the superior, of many European vessels of greater displacement.

The main battery will consist of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, supplemented by fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns. The 13-inch guns are mounted in two balanced barbette turrets of 15-inch Harveyized steel—the defensive equivalent of twenty-two inches of ordinary steel—while the face plates about the gun-ports are two inches thicker. These turrets turn through arcs of 270 degrees, and all four guns can be concentrated upon a point about sixty feet off the ship's beam on either side. Each one of these guns fires a hardened-steel shot of 1100 pounds, with an impulse of 33,627 foot-tons. It takes a vivid imagination indeed to foresee the consequences of four such shot planted on a single point. Nothing could withstand that stroke within even the long range of modern warfare.

The barbettes, within which are located the vital mechanism for these guns, and also their ammunition hoists, are of hardened steel 15 inches thick, and rise solidly from the foundation of the heavy protective deck up to about four feet above the decks on which the turrets lie.

The battery of rapid-fire 6-inch guns is placed on the main and the upper decks. Four of them, in two heavily armored citadels amidships, hold commanding positions on the upper decks, while the remaining twelve, also behind six inches of armor, are divided into two batteries—four amidships and one well forward on each side. Splinter bulkheads of steel an inch and a half thick separate the gun stations one from another, and heavy shields prevent the admission of shot through the ports. These guns will have an individual rate of fire of five aimed shots a minute, each shot weighing 100 pounds, and capable of piercing, undeformed, through a trifle over eight inches of steel 1500 yards distant.

A secondary battery, consisting principally of sixteen 6-pounders, is disposed advantageously on the main-deck well forward, on the berth-deck well aft, and upon the superstructure and bridges where promising the most effective service against torpedo-craft and the exposed positions of an enemy's decks. These guns can be fired quite ten times a minute.

Protection to the hull is provided by a $7\frac{1}{2}$-foot water-line belt—half under water at normal draught—reaching from abreast the after-turret forward to the stem. From a point abreast the after-turret to another abreast the forward one this armor has a maximum thickness of $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches—thence it tapers gradually to 4 inches at the stem. At each end of the heavy belt athwartships bulkheads of hardened steel 12 inches thick reach from side to side and oppose raking fire. On top of these walls rests the main body of the protective deck, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. A continuation of this protective deck, 3 inches thick, runs slantingly to the bow and to the stern, to points below water.

Above the water-line belt, throughout the range of its heaviest part, the sides are re-enforced by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of steel, reaching up to the upper deck, also running athwartships like the thicker belt; and it is through this armor that the amidship 6-inch guns and the two torpedo-tubes on each side are worked. A complete band of cornpith cellulose binds the ship from bow to stern just above the line of the water-line armor belt.

There are two armored fighting positions, the forward one being just below the pilot-house and abaft the bow turret, the after one just abaft the mainmast and up in the superstructure. The forward one will be 10 inches thick, and there the captain will control his ship in action, and the after one will be 6 inches thick, and a position for either the admiral or the signal-officer during conflict.

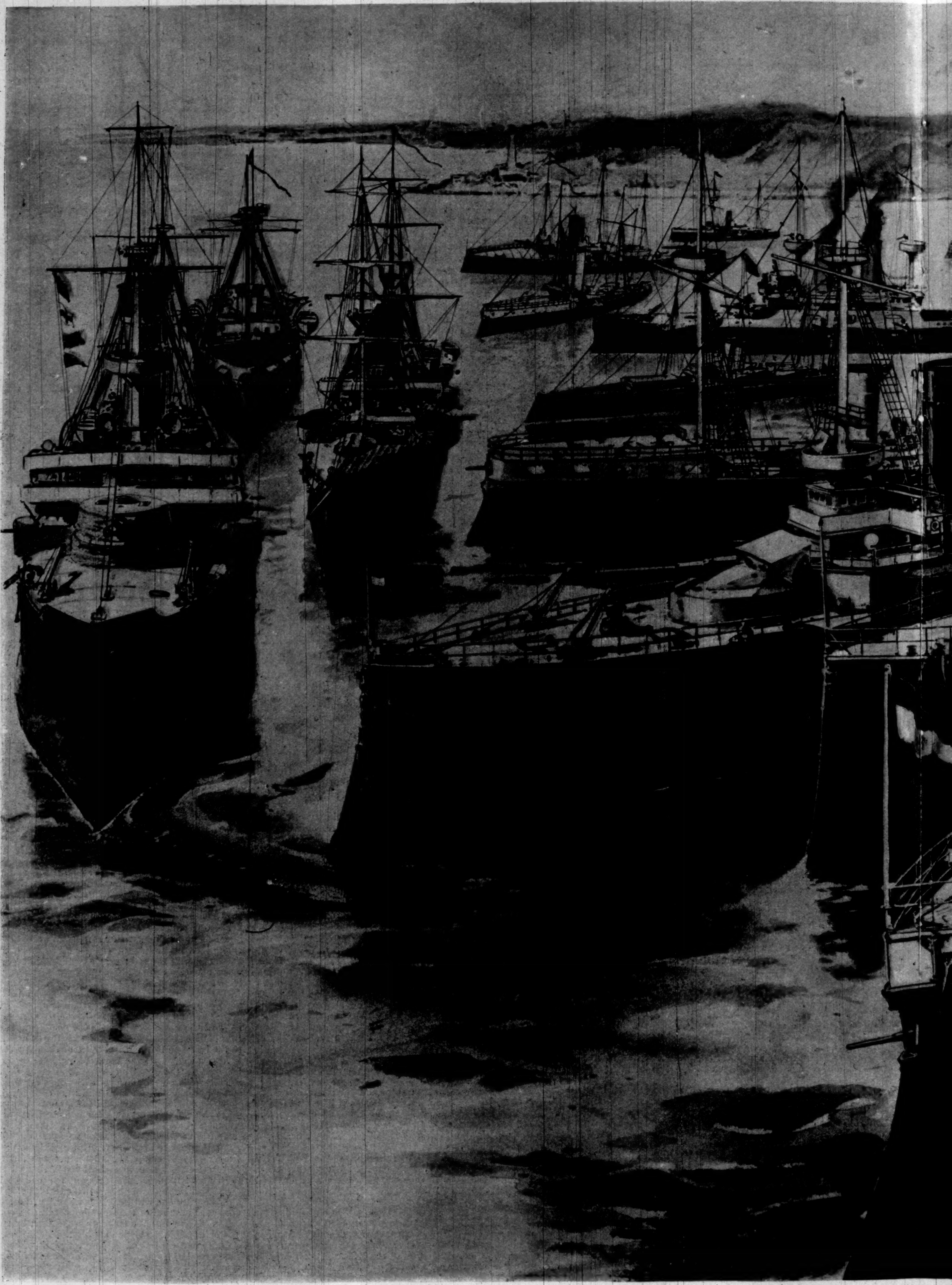
The ships will have twin screws, driven by two sets of powerful triple-expansion engines.

One great central electric-power plant will provide for the control of the turrets and all ammunition hoists, while a supplementary plant will furnish the energy for the electric signals and the great search-lights. Wood has been used sparingly, and all of it will be fire-proofed.

The ship that can live against that minute's broadside of 8440 pounds of hardened steel, hurtled by any one of these vessels and well aimed, must be stronger than any of those yet fashioned.

Robert G. Skerrett.

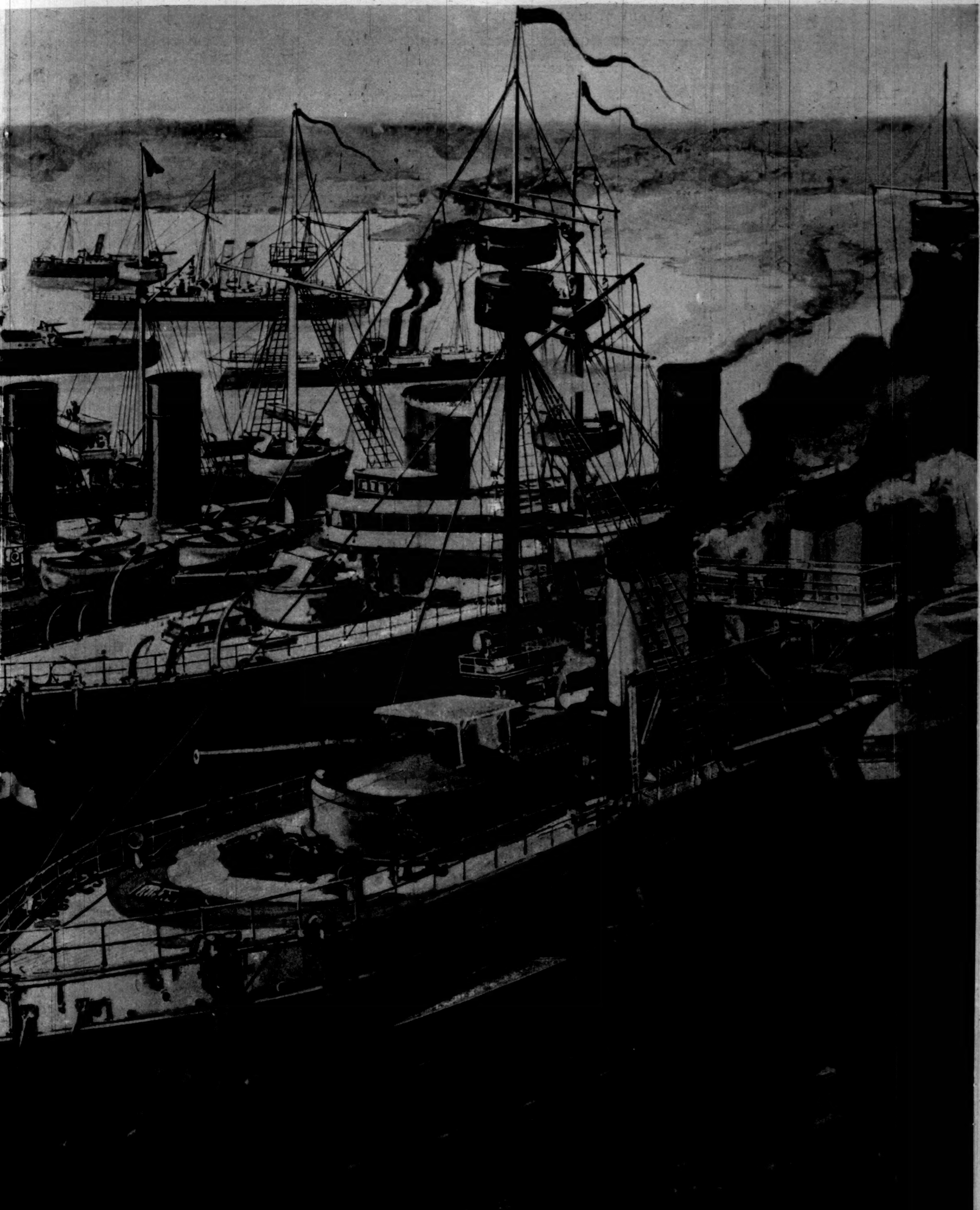
"Numancia." "Destructor." "Marques de la Ensenada." "Isla de Cuba."



"Emperador Carlos V." "Alfonso XII." "Temerario." "Lepanto." "Vitoria." "Cardenal Cisneros."

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.—Drawn by

"Pizarro." "Maria de Molina." "Marques de Molina."



"Cristóbal Colon." "Pelayo."

BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I FIND A SECOND.

I MEANT to go directly to the Prince, in his chamber, and tell him that Helene and I had resolved to battle out our lives together. But it chanced that I passed on my way through the higher terrace on my way to the lower—a bosky place of woods, where the Prince loved to linger in of a summer afternoon, drowsing there to the singing of birds and the falling of waters. For our Karl had tastes quite beyond sour, black Casimir with his church-yard glooms and rawbone terrors.

On the terrace I found von Reuss, lolling against the parapet with other blue flittermice, his peers—he himself no flittermouse, indeed, but of the true Casimir vampire breed, horrid of tooth, nocturnal, desirous of blood.

I went straight at mine enemy as if I had been leading a charge.

"Sir," said I, "you are a base rascal. You have insulted the Lady Helene, maid-of-honor to the Princess, the adopted child of my father. Her wrongs are mine. You will do me the honor of crossing weapons with me!"

"I have not learned the art of the axe," said he, turning about, listlessly. "You expect too much, Sir Executioner!"

I wasted no more words upon him, for I had not sought him to barter insults, but to force him to meet me where I could have my anger out upon him, and avenge the tears in the eyes of my Little Playmate.

Von Reuss was drawing a glove of yellow dressed kid through his hand as he spoke. This I plucked from his fingers ere he was aware, and struck him soundly on each cheek with it before flinging it crumpled in his face.

"Now will you fight, or must I strike you with my hand?"

Then I saw the look of his uncle stand hell-clear in his eyes. But he was not frightened, this one, only darkly and unscrupulously vengeful.

"Foul toad's spawn, I will have your blood!" he cried, tugging at his sword.

"We cannot fight here," said I, "within sight of the palace windows. But to-night at sundown, or to-morrow at dawn, I am at your service."

"Let it be to-night, on the common at the back of the Hirshgasse—one second, and the fighting only between principals."

Very readily I agreed, and then, with a wave of my hat, I went off, cudgelling my brain whom I should ask to be my second. Jorian, who was now an officer, I should have liked better than any other. But being of the people myself, it was necessary that I should have some one of weight and standing to meet the nephew of the Duke of the Wolfmark and his friend.

Moodily pacing down the glade, which led from the second terrace and the pleasaunce, I almost overran the Prince himself. He was seated under a tree; a parchment of troubadours' songs lay by him, illuminated, to judge by the pictures, by no decent monkish or clerkly hand. He had a bottle of Rhenish at hand, and looked the same hearty, hard-headed, ironic soldier he ever was, and yet, what is more strange, every inch of him a Prince.

"Whither away, young Sir Amorous?" he cried, pretending great indignation at my absent-mindedness. "Head among the clouds, or intent as ever on the damosels, conning madrigals for lovers' lutes, mayhap. And all the while taking no more heed of honest princes than if they existed only for trampling under your feet."

I asked his pardon—but indeed I had not come so nigh him as that.

"I am to fight," said I; "and, truth to tell, I want a second, and was pondering whom to ask."

The Prince sighed.

"Ah, lad," he said, "once I had wished no better than to stand at your side myself. I was not a Prince then, though; and then these laws—these too strict laws of mine! But what is the matter of your duel, and with whom?"

"Well," said I, "I have slapped Count von Reuss's chafts with his own glove in the midst of his friends on the upper terrace."

'Tis possible I may be mistaken, I suppose, but I did think then, and still do think, that I saw evident tokens of pleasure on the face of the Prince.

"And the cause—"

I hesitated, blushing temple-high, I dare say, in spite of the growth of my beard.

"A woman, then!" cried the Prince. Then, more low, "Not the—?"

He would have said the Princess, for he paused, in his turn, with a graver look on his face.

I hastened with my explanation.

"He insulted the young Lady Helene, maid of honor to the Princess, who is to me as a sister, having been brought up with me in our house. Her honor is my honor, both by this tie, and because, as you know, we have long loved one another. Therefore I will fight Count von Reuss to the death."

The Prince whistled—an unprincely habit, but millers' lads whistle at their work. So Prince Karl whistled as he meditated.

"I see farther into this matter than that—if indeed you love this maid. There will be other things to be thought upon than vengeance upon von Reuss. Does the Princess know of this?"

"Suspect she may," said I; "know she cannot. It was only half an hour ago that I knew myself."

"Ha," said he, "it hath gone no further than that. Were it not, if possible, better to conceal the cause yet awhile, that our compact may go on? It were easy enough to invent an excuse for the quarrel."

"Prince," answered I, earnestly, "this bargain of ours hath gone on too long already, in that it hath brought a true maid's honor and happiness in question. And a maid also whom I am bound to love. I will ask you this, have I been a good soldier and servant to you or not?"

"Aye to that!" quoth the Prince, heartily.

"Have I ever asked fee or reward for aught I have tried to do?"

"Nay," he said; "but you have gotten some without asking."

"Will you grant me the first boon I have asked of you since you became Prince and Master to Hugo Gottfried?"

"I will grant it, if it be not to separate us as friend and friend," said my master at once.

It was like the noble Prince thus to speak of our relation. I took his hand in mine to kiss it, but this he would not permit.

"Shake hands like a man," he said, "or else kiss me upon the cheek. My hand is for young blue-painted flittermice to kiss, for whose souls' good it is to put their lips to the hand that has shifted the meal-bags."

And with that Prince Karl embraced me heartily, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Now for this request of yours!" said he, looking expectantly at me.

"It is this," I answered him directly: "Give me a district to govern, a tower to dwell in, and Helene to be my wife."

"Nay, but these are three things, and you stipulated but for one. Choose one!" he said.

"Then give me Helene to wife!" I cried, instantly.

"Spoken like a lover," said the good Prince. "You shall have her if I have the giving of her, which I beg leave to doubt. Something tells me that much water will run under the bridges ere that wedding comes to pass. But so far as it concerns me the thing is done. Yet remember, I have never been the one to marry, nor yet to give in marriage."

He smiled a dry, wise smile—the smile of a shrewd miller casting up his thirlage upon the mill door when he sees the fields of his parish ripe to the harvest.

"I wonder why, with her crystals and her ink-pools, the Princess hath not foreseen this. By the blue robe of Mary, there will be proceedings when she does know. I think I shall go a-hunting in the mountains."

He considered a moment longer, and took a deep draught of Rhenish.

"Then the matter of a second," continued the Prince. "He is to fight, of course?"

"No," said I; "principals only."

"I wonder," said the Prince, meditatively, "if there is anything in that? It is not our Plassenburg custom between two young men and surrounded with brisk lads. Three seconds, and three to meet them point to point, was more our ancient way."

"It was specially arranged at the request of Count von Reuss," I told the Prince.

"If there is to be no fighting of seconds, what do you say to old Dessauer? He was a pretty blade in my time, and has all the etiquette and chivalry of the business at his finger-ends. Also he likes you."

"At any rate, he is ever railing on me with that sharp tongue of his," said I.

"But did you ever hear him rail upon any of these young men that lean on rails under ladies' windows?" said the Prince. "Old Leopold Dessauer is even now no weakling. I warrant he could draw a good sword yet on occasion. Anything more lovely than his ripost I never saw."

The Prince got upon his feet with the difficulty of a man naturally heavy of body, who takes all his exercise upon horseback.

"Page!" he cried. "My compliments to High State's Councillor Dessauer, and ask him to come to me here. You will find him in the library."

So to the library sped the boy; and presently, walking stiffly, but with great dignity, came the old man down to us.

"How about the ancestors, the noble men my predecessors?" cried the Prince, when he saw him. "Have you found aught to link the miller of Chemnitz with the Princes of Plassenburg?"

The Councillor smiled, and shook his head gravely.

"Nothing beyond that bit of metal which hangs by your side, Prince Karl," said Dessauer, pointing to his Highness's sword.

The Prince looked down at the strong unadorned hilt thoughtfully and sighed.

"I would I had another to transmit this sword to, as well as the power to wield it, when I take my place as usurper in the histories of the Princes of Plassenburg."

"I trust your Highness may long be spared to us," replied Dessauer; "but, Prince Karl, in default of an heir to your body (of which there is yet no reason to despair), wherefore may not your Highness devise the realm back to the ancient line?"

"The line of Dietrich is extinct," said the Prince.

"So says Duke Casimir, hoping to succeed to your shoes, when he could not to your helmet and your sword. But I have my suspicions and my beliefs. There is more in the parchments of yonder library than has yet seen the light."

Suddenly the Prince recollected me, standing patiently by.

"But we waste time, Dessauer; we can speak of ancestors and successors anon. I and Hugo Gottfried want you to take up your ancient rôle. Do you mind how you snicked Axelstein, and clipped Duke Casimir of his little finger at the back of the barn, when we were all lads at the Kaiser's diet at Augsburg?"

Old Dessauer smiled, well pleased enough at the excellence of the Prince's memory.

"I have seen worse cuts," he said. "He has never rightly liked me since. And had the Black Riders caught me, over to his dogs I should have gone without so much as a belt upon me. He would have kept them without food for a week on purpose to make a clean job of my poor scarecrow pickings."

"And now this young spark," said the Prince, "for the sake of a lady's eyes, desires to do your Augsburg deed over again with Duke Casimir's nephew, and we must give him a man with quarterings on his shield to go along with him."

"I am too old and stiff," said Dessauer, shaking his head. "Let him seek out one of the brisk young kerls that are drumming at the blade-play all the time down there in the square by the guard-rooms."

"Nay, it is to be principals only; there is to be no fighting of seconds. The Count has specially desired that there shall be none," said the Prince, "therefore go with the lad, Dessauer."

"No fighting of seconds!" cried the Councillor, in astonishment, holding up his hands. And I think the old swordsman seemed a little disappointed. "Well, I will go and see the lad well through, and warrant that he gets fair play among these wolves of the Mark."

"Faith, when it comes to that, he is as much a wolf of the Mark as any of them," laughed the Prince.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WOLVES OF THE MARK.

THE Hirshgasse is a little inn across the river well known to the wilder blades of Plassenburg. There they go to be outside the authority of the city magistrates, to make rendezvous, to fight their duels, and generally to do those things without remark which otherwise bring them under the eye of the miller's son, as they one and all call (behind his back) the reigning Prince of Plassenburg.

It was on the stroke of seven, and as fine an evening as ever failed to touch the soul of man with a sense of its beauty, that I set out to fight the nephew of Duke Casimir. I had indeed ridden far and fast, and withal kept my head, since I left the Red Tower, a poor homeless wanderer; otherwise I had scarce found myself going out with High-Councillor Leopold Dessauer as my second to fight my late master's heir, the proximate Duke of the Wolfmark.

What was my surprise to find the old man attired in the appropriate costume for such an occasion—a close-fitting suit of dark gray, of ancient cut indeed, and without the fashionable slashes and scallops, but both correct and practicable, either for the sword-play or the proper ordering of it in others!

Von Dessauer laughed a little dry laugh when I congratulated him on the youthfulness of his appearance. Indeed, he seemed little grateful for my felicitations. If it had not been for the rheumatism which he had inherited from his father's campaigns on the tented field, and the weakness which came from his own in other fields, he would yet be as fit for the play of fence as any youngster of them all. So, at least, he averred. And to-night the wind was southerly, and his old hurts irked him not. Faith, he was almost minded to try a ruffle with the cocks of the Mark on his own account.

"Mind you," he said, "guard low. The attack of the Mark ever comes from the right leg half-way to the knee. But I forgot—what use is it to tell you, that are born of the Mark, and have learned in their schools."

As we left the Castle I looked about and secretly kissed a hand to that high window where was the chamber of my Little Playmate, whose cause I was going out right gladly to champion.

Dessauer and I went quickly down through the lanes which led to the river edge where the ferry was, and more than once I seemed to see a man in a cloak and sword stealing after us. But as the sight of a man going so attired in the direction of the Hirshgasse was no uncommon one, I did not pay any particular attention.

We crossed over in the large flat boat which plied constantly between the banks before our fine new bridge was built. We found our enemies on the ground before us, and they seemed more than a little surprised when they perceived who my second was. As we came up the bank I saw them go close and whisper together, like men who hastily alter their plans at the last moment.

I presented my second in form.

"The High-Councillor Leopold von Dessauer, Knight of the Empire!" said I, proudly.

Then the Count presented his, as the custom then was among us of the North:

"Friedrich, Count of Cannstadt, Hereditary Cup-bearer of the Wolfmark."

Count Cannstadt was an impecunious old-young man, who, chiefly owing to accumulated gaming-debts and a disagreement with Duke Casimir concerning the payment of rents and duties, had sought the shelter of the Castle of Plassenburg—a refuge which the generous Prince Karl extended to all exiles who were not proven criminals.

The seconds bowed first to each other, and then to their opposing principals. In those days duels were mostly fought with the combatants' own swords. And now von Dessauer took my blade, and going forward, courteously handed the hilt to Count Cannstadt, receiving that of von Reuss in return. The seconds then compared the lengths, and found almost half an inch in favor of my opponent. Which being declared, and I offering no objection, the discrepancy was allowed, and the swords returned to us to fall to.

And this without further parley we did.

I was no ways afraid of my opponent. For, though a pretty enough tricky fighter, he had little practical experience. Also, he had quite failed to strengthen himself by daily custom, and especially by practice at outrance, with an enemy keen to run you through in front, and the necessity of keeping a wary eye on half a dozen other conflicts on either hand, as has constantly to be done in war.

The place where we fought was on a level green platform a little way above the roofs of the inn of the Hirshgasse, where many a similar conflict has been fought, and on which many a good fellow has lain with the gasps

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"TREACHERY!" CRIED VON DESSAUER AND I TOGETHER. "YOU ARE VILLAINS BOTH. HE IS WEARING A SHIRT OF MAIL!"

growing slower and deadlier, while his opponent wiped his blade on the trampled grass, and the seconds looked on with folded arms. There were many bushes and rocks about, and the place was very secluded to be so near a great city.

At first I did not trouble myself much, nor attempt to force the fighting. I was content to hold von Reuss in play, and defend myself till the edge of his attack was dulled. For I saw on his face a look of vicious confidence which surprised me, considering his inexperience, and he lunged with a venom and resolution which, to my mind, betokened a determination to kill at all hazards.

I knew, however, that presently he must overreach himself, so of set purpose I kept my blade short, and let him approach nearer. Immediately he began to press, thinking that he had me at his mercy. We had fought our way round to a spot on the upper side of the plateau, where for a moment von Reuss had a momentary benefit from the ground. Here I felt that he gathered himself together, and presently, as I had supposed he would, he centred his energy in a determined thrust at my left breast. This was well enough timed, for my guard had been short and a little high on purpose to lead him on, and now it took me all my time to turn his point aside. I saw it shoot past, grazing my left arm. Then, with so long a recovery, and the loss of balance from lunging down hill, he was at my mercy.

As I did not wish to kill him, I chose my spot almost at my leisure, and pinked him two inches below the spring of the neck and close to the collar-bone, which was running the thing as fine as I could allow myself.

What was my surprise to see my sword-blade arch itself as if it had stricken a stone wall, and to hear the unmistakable ring of steel meeting steel!

"Treachery!" cried von Dessauer and I together; "you are villains both. He is wearing a shirt of mail!"

And the old man rushed forward with his sword bare in his hand.

I heard the shrill "purl" of a silver call, and turning me about, there was the gambler Cannstadt with a whistle at his lips. I had still to guard myself against the traitor von Reuss's attack, but with the tail of my eye I could see two or three men rise from behind bushes and rocks, and come running as fast as they could toward us. Then I knew that von Dessauer and I were doomed men, unless something turned up that we knew not of. For with an old man, and one so stiff as the High Councillor, as my only ally, it was impossible for me to hold my own against more than double our numbers.

Nevertheless, von Dessauer attacked Cannstadt with surprising fury and determination, anger glittering in his eye, and resolution to punish treachery lending vigor to his thrust. I had not time to observe his method, save unconsciously, for I had to change my position momentarily, that I might take the points of the two men who came down the hill at speed, sword in hand.

But all this foul play among high-born folk gave me a kind of mortal sickness. To die in battle is one thing, but, over against the roofs of your home, to find yourself brought to death's door by murderous treachery, is quite another.

At this moment there came news of a diversion. From below was heard the crying of a stormy voice:

"Halt! I command you! Halt!"

And wheeling sufficiently to see, I observed the figure of a stout man, who came leaping heavily up the hill towards us, waving a sword as he came. Well, thought I, the more there are of them the quicker it will be over, and the more credit for us in keeping up our end so long. Better die in a good fight than live with a bad conscience!

With which reflection I sent my sword through von Reuss's sword-arm in the fleshy part, severing the muscle, and causing him to drop his blade. I had him then at my mercy, and I had a great desire to push my blade down his throat, for a treacherous, cowardly hound as he had proved himself to me. But instead of this I had to turn towards the other two, who ran down the hill and were now close upon us.

I had just time to leap aside from the first and let him overrun himself, so that he shot almost upon the sword of the thick-set man, who came up the hill shouting to us to stop. The second man I engaged, and a stanch blade I found him, though fighting for as dirty a cause as ever man crossed swords in.

"Halt!" came the voice of command again—the voice I knew so well—"in the name of the State I bid you cease!"

It was the voice of Karl, Prince of Plassenburg.

"We must take the rough with the smooth now. We must kill them all," cried von Reuss. "There is no safety for any of us else." And in a moment we were at it, the Prince furiously assaulting the first of the bravoes who came down the hill. More coolly than I had given him credit for, von Reuss stuffed a silken kerchief into the hole in his shoulder, and repossessed himself of his weapon in his other hand.

It was the briskest kind of a bicker for a little while, there on the bosky, broomy hill-side in the evening light. Ah! Dessauer was down at last and Cannstadt at his throat. I went about with a whirl, leaving my own man for the moment, and rushed upon the Count's false second. He turned to receive me, but not quite quick enough, for I got him two inches below where I had pinked his principal's ring-mail, and that made all the difference. Cannstadt did not immediately drop his sword. But his limbs weakened, and he fell forward without a sound.

Then, as I looked about, there was the Prince manfully crossing swords with two, and the cowardly von Reuss creeping up, with his sword shortened in his left hand, with intent to slay him from behind.

Whereat I gave a furious cry of anguish, that I should have been the means of bringing my noble master into such peril. The Prince Karl had at the moment some intuition of the foe behind him, for he leaped aside with more agility than I had ever seen him display before on foot, and von Reuss was too sorely wounded to follow.

Presently I was at my first bravo again, and the Prince being left with but one, von Reuss took the opportunity to slip away over the hill.

The rest of the conflict was not long a-settling. There were loud voices from the stream beneath. The combat had been observed, and half a score of the Prince's guard were already swimming, wading, and leaping into small boats in their haste to be first to our assistance.

But we did not need their aid. I passed my blade through and through my assailant, almost at the same moment that the Prince spiked his man so directly in the throat that the red point stood out in the hollow of his neck behind.

Both went down simultaneously, and there was von Reuss on horseback, just disappearing over the ridge. Prince Karl wiped his brow.

"What devil's traitors!" he cried. "Poor Dessauer, I wonder what he has gotten? Let us go to him."

We went across the plateau together, and knelt by the side of the old man. At first I could not find the wound, though there was blood enough upon his face and fencing-habit. But presently I discovered that his scalp had been cut from above the eye backward to the crown of his head—a hollow ploughing scratch, no more, though it had effectually stunned the old man.

Even as I held him in my arms he came to and looked about him.

"Are they dead?" he said, feeling for his sword.

"You were nearly dead, dearest of friends," said my master. "But be content. You have done very well for so young a fighter. An you behave yourself and keep from such brawling in the future I will give you a company."

Dessauer smiled.

"All dead?" he asked, trying to look about him.

"Your man is dead, or the next thing to it, two rascals grievously wounded, and the scoundrel von Reuss fled, as well he might. But my archers are already on his track."

Up the hill came Jorian and Boris, leading the rout.

"Is the Prince safe?" cried Jorian.

"The Prince is safe," said Karl, answering for himself.

"Good!" chorussed Jorian, Boris, and all the archers together.

"Catch me that man on horseback there," cried the Prince. "Take him or kill him, but if you can help it do not let him escape. He is Count von Reuss, and a double traitor."

"Good!" cried the pair, and set off after him, all dripping as they were from their abrupt passage of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JIM'S CREW.

JIM.

RECRUITS IN TRAINING.

SEATTLE'S MENAGERIES.

"THEY grin like a dog, and run about the city." That is literally what occurs in Seattle at the present time. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of all the rush to the Klondike is the utilizing of animals for the journey. One sees in Seattle, every day, dogs, goats, sheep, oxen, mules, burros, Shetland ponies, and cayuses destined for the Yukon gold-fields.

Car-loads of dogs have been imported from every part of the Union, and have been in training for some weeks. The harness-makers have reaped a goodly harvest from the manufacture and sale of small round collars and broad straps for harness. Every Seattle man who owns a dog keeps him chained, for any dog wandering unattended from his kennel stands a poor chance of ever sleeping there again.

The leader of a dog team has as much responsibility as the stroke of an eight oar, and is just as proud of his position. If he be an experienced leader he never turns aside from his path, for he directs the way; but he trots along steadily, putting all his weight to the work, and setting his crew a good example.

Jim is the leader of a team of four that travelled two hundred miles in two days, and he knows it, too. He is dignified and steady, and permits no fooling, but keeps "all eyes in the boat." He is an Alaskan dog of much experience, and knows his business, and, it is said, he owns a claim on Bonanza Creek.

Jim knows his crew, and they have implicit confidence in his sagacity, and follow him over difficult paths and along the edge of treacherous and hazardous precipices, living on half-rations with their owners. They will soon return to the diggings, but before leaving were brought from their kennels to be photographed.

Raw recruits from the city slums and "hayseeds" from the farms are taken out to the training-grounds and disciplined and accustomed to the harness, and they are very readily transformed from obstreperous curs to good useful dogs. Usually they object very forcibly for a time, but when they find they are well cared for and kindly treated, and learn what is wanted of them, they regard it as a huge joke, and are quite willing to put their heads into their collars.

A FREE RIDE.

These creatures are first harnessed to small four-wheeled carts, into which a boy is placed in order to add weight, and under the instruction of a trainer they readily learn to follow their experienced leader. It is merely necessary for them to put their individual inclinations into subjection; but this is *absolutely* necessary. Sometimes a dog will scent a dead rat or other enticing morsel, and will quickly demoralize the whole team. This tendency, of course, must be entirely cured, otherwise fatal accidents would occur on the trail if any disturbing element should arise, such as scenting game or vermin.

Having completed their cart course, and being sufficiently under control, they are next taken into the city, where are other dogs and other causes of disturbance. They are hitched to a sled, which they haul through the streets, around sharp corners, over difficult inclines and rough places. Provisions are placed on the sleds to accustom them to the heavy hauls. One meets a dog-sled at almost every corner.

Even the goat, "the giddy goat" of the silky-haired Angora breed, is pressed into service, and to some extent successfully. It has the advantage of being edible, which of course is a decided advantage when one considers the possibility of starvation or shortness of provisions, and his skin can be used *à la* Robinson Crusoe. The accompanying illustration shows four goats, which have been trained to haul a sled, about to be placed on board ship for Alaskan points. They will be used for hauling, and then sold at a tremendous profit for food. From personal observation of the cuffs and kicks these poor beasts received, it is fairly safe to say that they will be "pretty tough mutton."

Trained oxen are being exported for packing. These also, of course, possess the additional advantage of being edible and toothsome.

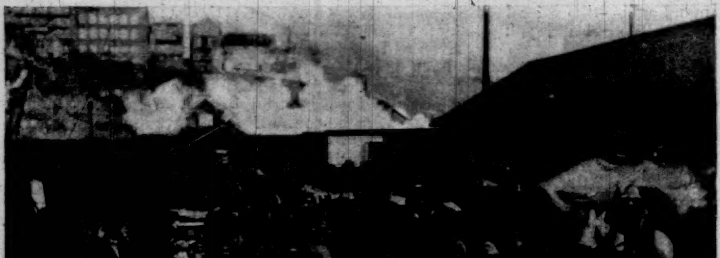
Horses are constantly arriving from Montana, burros from Mexico, and mules from Colorado. One suddenly finds that he must quickly seek a place of safety in order to escape being run down and trampled to death by herds of mules being driven to the corral by muleteers on horseback.

In addition to the animals already mentioned are the reindeer and Washington elk. These reindeer have had their horns amputated, and are being brought here by the ship-load. The Washington elk is a comparatively new recruit. One recently brought in sold for $175, and subsequently brought $250. What the ultimate destiny of these animals may be is difficult to conjecture, but it is hoped that they will live through their dangerous journey and see their masters become rich and prosperous at the gold-fields.

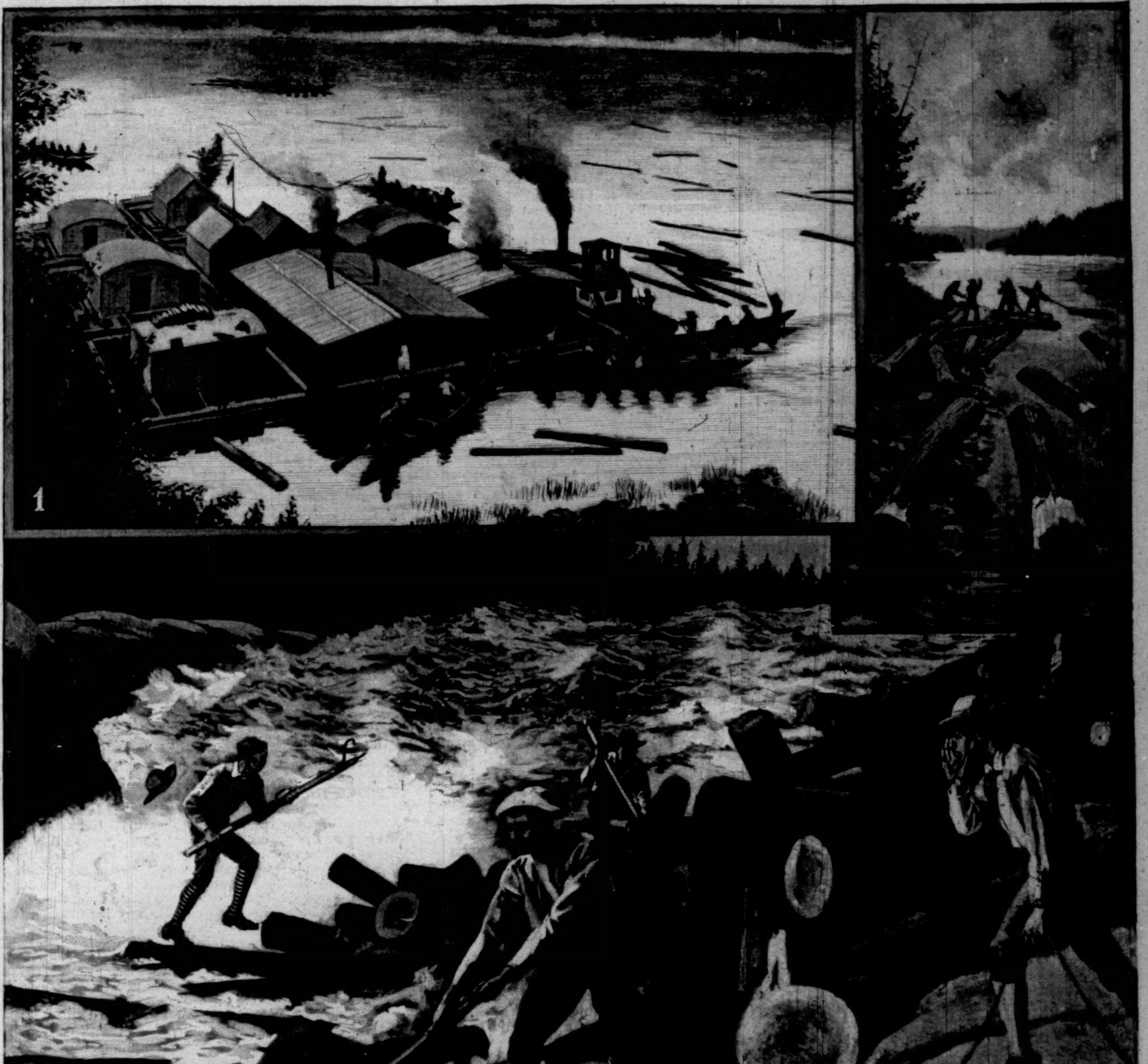
The experience of last year, however, renders it likely that very few of these faithful animals, except, perhaps, some of the stronger dogs, will survive the journey. The trails will kill the horses, and the miners will kill such of the other beasts as are convertible into food as soon as they have served the purpose of packing the rest of the outfit to where navigation begins.

PRETTY TOUGH MUTTON.

READY FOR THE KLONDIKE.


MULES AND BURROS AT THE WHARF.

TO BE EATEN AFTER USING.



RIVER-DRIVERS SWEEPING THE OTTAWA.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.—[See Page 379.]

1. The Sweeper's Raft. 2. Driving on the Upper Ottawa. 3. Breaking a Jam at the Calumet Rapids. 4. River-Drivers' Scow. 5. Drivers Shooting the Swell below the Rocher Capitaine. 6. River-Drivers' Cabin on the River des Quinze.

THE LOG-DRIVE.

WHEN the log-boom's on the drive
The woods, snow-fresh, start up alive;
There's swell of brook and bursting bud,
There's spruce log leaping down the flood.

Captain of the log-boom's crew,
Tall Antoine—feeling spring-time too—
Lets his love-thoughts hurry back
To the river's northmost track,
To a hut in sprucelands set,
To the home of white Jeannette:

Lets his love-song cleave the air,
Bidding all things love and pair;
Till the mating fish-hawks cry,
Till the moose bull snorts reply—
Till every wild thing does its part,
And cries a welcome to his heart.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

A BOOK FOR KLONDIKERS.

IF in due sequence of events our minds should presently get back from Cuba and revert to Alaska, where we expected so confidently to fix them this spring, a book in which they will find entertainment is Harry De Windt's *Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Strait* (Harper's).

Mr. De Windt is a traveller, a Fellow of the Royal (British) Geographical Society, and the author of *A Ride to India*. He went through the gold-fields—not in search of gold at all, for he started before the gold finds on the Klondike were made. His errand was to go by land from New York to Paris, crossing Bering Strait on the ice if possible, and if not, on the revenue-cutter *Bear*, on which he got leave from Washington to be ferried across.

He started in May, 1896, from New York, and though he did not cross Siberia as he had planned, but came back on the *Bear* to San Francisco instead, he did go overland through Alaska, and over the very ground which recent discoveries have made so familiar. He took many photographs, which make interesting illustrations for his story, and became intimately acquainted with several varieties of Alaska Indians, and also with the climate, the mosquitoes, and the other permanent characteristics of that interesting region.

On the whole, Mr. De Windt, though he failed in his original purpose, was a lucky traveller, in that he found himself in the right place just before the right time, and is able to tell an inquisitive world how it seemed to him.

PASSING THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL IN THE HOUSE.

To a citizen who is the father of a family, and compelled to practise the economies of domestic life, there is a joy in watching a number of not extraordinary-looking gentlemen spending thirty-nine millions of dollars in the course of an afternoon.

These gentlemen, the members of the House of Representatives, look so much like the rest of us that when they call a man parsimonious who wishes to save a couple of millions for a month or so, until he sees whether we need to spend it or not, that one has to readjust his mind a little, yet is convinced that to be a Congressman is a joyous lot.

Mr. Boutelle, on behalf of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he is chairman, presented this bill, and during the afternoon made many little speeches defending it. The bill provided, originally, for three battle-ships, one of them to take the place of the *Maine*, six torpedo-boats, and six torpedo-boat-destroyers.

Mr. Cannon of Illinois favored an increase to twenty-four small craft, and a reduction to one in the number of battle-ships.

The deprecatory manner and the aggressive matter of Mr. Cannon's speeches are in a delightful contrast. Constantly stirring up the wrath of his colleagues and as surely mollifying them, he would make a fascinating character for the stage. Mr. Boutelle, amidst a storm of amendments that were harassing, to say the least, exhibited a well-bred good-humor that carried him over many difficulties.

One amusing incident, as viewed from the press gallery, was Mr. Amos Cummings (who had sat up there for many years) declaring against the trustworthiness of newspaper stories. His near neighbor, Mr. Jerry Simpson, seemed for a time to be on the verge of saying something worth while, but refrained from it.

Mr. Gibson of Tennessee showed that he was not keyed up to the proper pitch by talking about the price of a few rosewood yachts the government had bought. His fellow-Congressmen were in no mood for trifles, and promptly howled him down.

The one prominent man who said never a word nor made a sign all through the discussion was Mr. Dingley, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Perhaps he had in mind the difficulty of gathering up three or four dozen millions off-hand.

Behind the few prominent figures in the House that are known to all the land lies a great background of unknown statesmen, sitting day after day doubled up behind their desks, their only privilege being occasionally to rise to a point of order, pick out a parliamentary flaw in the measure under consideration, be promptly sat down upon by the Speaker, and lapse again into obscurity.

With some members the physical disturbance while making a speech is great. When they get to the point where it is necessary to mention "the nations of the earth," neck-ties are disarranged, cuffs hang out over their hands, and something like a war-dance is indulged in by the Congressional legs. Amendments in showers descend on the clerk's desk, but only those adding to the expenditure for ships are considered; minor differences are adjusted, and at the end of the day comes the final vote. Then the voice of the Speaker—which resembles nothing so much as the crackling of dry pease in a pod—announces that "the ayes appear to have it; the ayes have it, and the bill is passed."

W. A. R.

WASHINGTON.

April 11, 1898.

THE President's message was to have been sent to Congress last Tuesday, but was held over a day to await further information from Havana. On Wednesday, within an hour of the time set for its transmittal, the President summoned a few of the leading members of each House, and laid before them the latest despatches from Consul-General Lee, saying that it would be impossible for all the Americans who wished to leave Cuba to do so before Saturday. As there was danger of riotous outbreaks in the fortified towns whenever news should arrive of any action by Congress hostile to Spain, it was decided to postpone the message till to-day.

General Lee staid at his post till the last American refugee had embarked, and then, on Saturday evening, sailed on the *Fern* for Key West. He is expected in Washington about the middle of the present week, to appear as a witness before one or more of the committees of Congress.

On Thursday morning the President received, by previous arrangement, a visit from the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, the Russian chargé d'affaires, and the Austrian minister. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, as dean of the diplomatic corps, presented to him a note signed by the six visitors in their representative capacity, appealing "to the feelings of humanity and moderation of the President and of the American people in their existing differences with Spain," and expressing a "hope that further negotiations will lead to an agreement which, while securing the maintenance of peace, will afford all necessary guarantees of the re-establishment of order in Cuba." The President's response echoed the hope of a peace secured by "the necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance there, which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiment of humanity." It concluded by asserting the unselfishness of our government's purpose in fulfilling its "duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable." The President's words made a profound impression upon the minds of his visitors. A similar note is said to have been presented to the Queen Regent by the representatives of the six powers in Madrid, and to its influence is traced her offer of an armistice to the insurgents, which has just been made public. As an armistice implies the consent of the insurgents, and as they have persistently scouted the notion of ceasing warfare just at the approach of the rainy season, when all the natural conditions most favor their method of campaigning, little hope is entertained in Washington of a settlement on that basis. The action of the Queen Regent, however, coupled with the report that preparations have been made for her departure from Madrid, at least for a time, is interpreted here to mean that the present concession is only the first of a series of steps by which Spain may retreat from her present position, the theory being that the Queen Regent will feel it necessary to seek a temporary refuge in Austria from the storm which her policy will arouse among the hot-headed subjects of the boy King.

Congress having shown a disposition to yield to the President's judgment and prepare for armed intervention without first recognizing the independence of the Cuban republic, so called, an interview with Horatio S. Rubens, counsel for the Junta in New York, appeared in several newspapers on Wednesday afternoon, denouncing this programme in pretty vigorous terms. Mr. Rubens was quoted as saying that, rather than permit our intervention without a preliminary recognition of their republic, the insurgents would fight the United States as well as Spain. This declaration created a good deal of a stir in Washington, and many members of Congress who had formerly leaned strongly toward the policy of recognition began to change their tone, resenting what appeared to them an attempt to dictate terms to our government. Mr. Rubens came out the next day with another interview, in which he said that his remarks had been misinterpreted, and that the only idea he meant to convey was that the insurgents would resist intervention obviously undertaken for the purpose of annexing Cuba to the United States. It was impossible for even this modification to check the adverse current which the original publication had loosed, and it is plain that the policy of recognition has received a serious backset, if not a fatal one, with Congress.

The Hull bill for "the better organization of the line of the army," though favorably reported to the House by its Committee on Military Affairs, has been recommitted by a vote of 150 to 61, a very damaging rebuff. The design of the bill was to give greater elasticity to the regular army organization, by authorizing its expansion in time of war to 104,000 men. The National Guard in the several States affected to see in this a reflection on the effectiveness of the citizen soldiery, and brought all their influence to bear for its defeat. Mr. Hull endeavored at the last moment to stay the storm by withdrawing all the latter sections of his bill, providing for additional regular officers, a war pay system, etc.; but the House would accept no half-measures.

Preparations are making by the War Department for a great military demonstration to follow immediately the President's first call for troops. The site which will probably be chosen for the massing of the men is the Chickamauga National Park, in Tennessee. Atlanta, which is but a few hours distant to the southward, may be used as another point for mobilization. Facilities for transportation from both places to the coast are considered ample, while the land lies high, there is an abundance of water, and they afford in every respect ideal sites for military encampments on a large scale. Meanwhile all army officers who have been detailed as instructors in schools and colleges have been ordered to rejoin their regiments, and similar orders are expected in the case of those who are in charge of Indian agencies.

The President's message on the state of affairs in Cuba was sent to Congress at noon to-day. Almost every seat on the floor of both Houses was filled, and the galleries were crowded to the doors and beyond. The message began by rehearsing the history of the Spanish misgovernment in Cuba, and the recent efforts of our government, by diplomatic negotiations, and by appeals to the American people for charitable contributions to alleviate the distress of the non-combatants, and to reduce the horrors of warfare generally. This review was brought down to the latest hour, including an offer made yesterday by the Queen Regent of Spain of an armistice in Cuba, with the purpose of turning over to the autonomist government there the arrangement of terms for permanent peace.

The President recalled also the action of the United States government in the cases of the South American republics, of Mexico, and of Texas, in order to show that, in refusing to recommend the recognition of the independence of the Cuban republic, or even the belligerency of the insurgents, he was merely following uniform precedent. To commit the United States now to the recognition of any particular government in Cuba would be, he thought, fraught with responsibilities which we are not seeking, and which we should have reason to deplore. Our intervention as a neutral, however, to impose reasonable terms of peace upon both combatants, and to enforce them by a resort to arms if necessary, would be justified, he said, by several considerations:

First.—Humanity—the prevention of further bloodshed and starvation.

Second.—Our obligations to our own citizens residing or doing business in Cuba to protect them against injury to life and property, or compel indemnity for their losses.

Third.—The serious damage inflicted upon American commerce and trade by the existing local condition of lawlessness and chaos.

Fourth, and last.—The fact that the present situation in Cuba is a constant menace to our national peace, and involves us in an enormous expense to preserve the laws of neutrality.

Under the last of these heads the message referred to the destruction of the *Maine* as evidence that Spain was incapable of protecting friendly visitors to its own ports. It added that Spain had proposed to submit to arbitration the question of her responsibility for the disaster, but our government had returned no answer to this.

In conclusion the President asked Congress to give him authority to take measures for bringing the hostilities in Cuba to an end, with a view to the establishment there of a stable government capable of insuring peace and protection to the Cuban people and to our own citizens residing on the island, and that he be empowered to use the military and naval forces of the United States for this purpose. Meanwhile he recommended that the work of alleviating the distress of non-combatants in Cuba be continued, and that private benevolence be supplemented by an appropriation from the Treasury. Referring to the proposed armistice, he urged Congress to take it into consideration, in view of the possibility that it might lead up to the much-desired consummation of a permanent peace. With these recommendations and suggestions he placed the responsibility for further action upon Congress, holding himself ready to execute any instructions it might impose upon him.

The reading occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and though hurt in its effect by the poor elocution of the clerks, was listened to with respectful attention throughout. In the Senate there was absolute silence. In the House there were the usual attempts at applause. In both Houses motions were promptly carried to refer the message to the committees on Foreign Relations. The committees are expected to report to-morrow, after which a debate of some length is looked for.

The long-delayed consular correspondence accompanied the message.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

SIGNIFICANT INCIDENTS IN MATANZAS.

I HAD some very interesting walks with a certain man in Matanzas. He was allotted to me by the Alcalde to serve me as a guide. This was only done, however, when my protracted stay in the city had excited suspicion as to my object there. His untiring faithfulness prompted him to guide me to the Consulate on the next block—but he was useful. By his aid I passed the Spanish lines surrounding Matanzas, for he was a soldier. He was owed eight months' pay, and had just sold his machete for three dollars to a curio-hunter. He explained at some length upon the advantages of Matanzas as a landing-place for an American army of invasion, with Havana as an objective point. The country from Matanzas is clear and flat, and the distance about sixty-six miles. The bay of Matanzas is large, but shallow; steamships anchor some miles from the wharves.

One little incident in Matanzas brought a ray of brightness among days necessarily sad.

When the *Fern* was anchored in the bay with the thirty-five tons of American relief, her captain came ashore. The crew of the gig awaited him at the wharf. The jackies had heard tales of the suffering and misery on shore, and they had brought two baskets of food to give to the women and children. It was from their own mess, and they had bought some of it from the ship's commissary. They also had some Spanish silver pieces to distribute. But the women were not on the wharf, and the jackies could not leave the gig to find them.

I stopped the first group of reconcentrados that I met on my way up the street to tell them the blue-clothed sailors in the white boat at the dock had some little food for them. Hurriedly they passed the word among themselves, and started for the place. The sailors' supply was soon given out, and it fell to a little half-starved girl with big mournful eyes to get twenty cents from a brawny sailor-man. She started eagerly up the wharf. A stevedore had noticed the gift, and while she was still within sight of the sailors he wrenched it from the child's thin hand. But not for long. The sailor ran lightly down the wharf, and a heavy blow rolled the stevedore in the dust. The peseta was restored to its frightened and rightful owner, and the bully was driven seaward down the wharf by a good sturdy American sailor, in order to give the child ample time to escape.

HAROLD MARTIN.

THE RIVER-DRIVERS OF THE OTTAWA.

Foremost among Canadian industries is the lumber trade, of which the principal outlet is the Ottawa River. Every fall armies of men enter the great forests of white pine along the tributaries of that mighty stream. Every spring hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of square timber and saw logs float down its wild waters. The square timber is rafted down to Quebec city to be shipped to England.

The saw log, left to the mercy of the currents, finds its way to Ottawa city. There it is sawn into "lumber," "deals," and planks, which find a ready market all over the world.

It is April. The snows are fast melting; the ice is breaking up. Great heaps of logs, piled last winter at the "rollways," are plunging into the turbulent spring freshet. Now begins the perilous work of "river-driving." Along the rushing stream the men "drive" the logs continually "stranded" by the currents or jammed at the rapids. Often the drivers must work waist-deep in the icy water. The "bateau," or lumberman's boat, follows the drive when the water is navigable, and the drivers tent out wherever night overtakes them. In shallow streams and at the outlet of lakes dams are built to accumulate water sufficient to float the logs and carry them forward with a rush when the gates are opened. These dams are made of strong timbers deep set in the river-bed. They are furnished with gates for regulating the depth of the water, and with a sluiceway. Towards this the logs are guided by a boom.

The dams have done their work. The logs are out on the main river. A new danger arises. Here in midstream is a rapid. Above it the logs are "jammed." They will stay jammed till next spring unless the "key-piece" is removed. This is no easy task. It demands courage and skill. Not infrequently it demands a driver's life. Usually, on either side of the rapids, precipitous banks of solid rock rise to a dizzy height. Here only the surest-footed and most dexterous drivers—the "jam-crackers" or "white-water men"—venture out to "break the jam"—pick out the key-log causing the blockade. Hardly is it half chopped through when it cracks under the pressure of the vast bulk behind. In a second the whole mass is seething, twisting, upending, and turning in every direction, and going at a terrific speed. The men frequently get caught between logs and are badly injured, or they are thrown into the foaming rapids, where a desperate battle for life ensues, their comrades witnessing the terrible struggle, often utterly unable to render assistance. The foreman is the first to inspect the jam. He calls upon the best drivers as they are wanted, too many men being dangerous. It needs a hero's daring, added to the precision of an expert and the sure-footedness of an acrobat, to disentangle the pile and keep one's footing upon the rapidly revolving logs. When the jam breaks, the men have not always time to reach the boat or the shore. They must trust their lives then to a single stick, and keep their balance while it plunges through the foaming water. The log may be swept down stream hundreds of yards before a chance offers of jumping from one log to another, and thus gaining the bank.

One evening last summer, while sitting at my tent door upon the west bank of the River des Quinze, near the head of Lake Temiscamingue, I heard a young Frenchman calling for a boat to cross the river. None being in sight, no one went over to ferry him across. It happened that a great many logs were floating down the stream. The current was carrying them against the opposite shore a couple of hundred yards above him, then sweeping them across to a point immediately in front of my camp and washing them to within a few feet of the shore. The fellow waited a moment, then strolling up to where the logs were nearing the shore, he jumped upon one of them, and, with his hands in his pockets, calmly waited for the current to take him over. In mid-stream there was a rapid, through which the log must run. Owing to the swiftness of the current the log began rapidly to revolve, but he checked its motion by forcing it to revolve in the opposite direction. Even when shooting the rapids he never for a moment lost his balance. Nor was he in the least concerned; all the while he was whistling some French ditty. When his ferry neared the bank he lightly sprang ashore. The river here was fully two hundred yards wide. He could not swim. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that nearly one-half of the river-drivers cannot swim.

To each drive fifty men are usually allotted. At the confluence of the neighboring streams these are joined by other gangs. The combined force—often numbering five hundred—press on the drive until the Ottawa is reached. Then the task is handed over to the "sweepers."

These do the work of the river-driver, but on a larger scale—many hundreds of men being employed. On the upper reaches of the Ottawa and Quinze rivers the sweepers live in log cabins as stationary crews. Further down the river great rafts—capable of housing a crew of over a hundred men—follow the "sweep." On shorter stretches, between rapids, scows or house-boats are used for the men's accommodation. Tug-boats haul the logs in booms across the many lakes, both large and small. Just above Ottawa city the logs are sorted, according to their owners' brands, into separate booms, and floated down to the mills as required.

The river-driver's wages average thirty dollars a month, including good board and fair lodgings. His costume consists of a soft felt or straw hat, flannel shirt, colored sash, knee-breeches, striped stockings, and low shoes—the soles and heels studded with steel spikes an inch in length. His most useful tool is the "cant-hook," shown in the illustration of "Breaking a Jam."

While "tripping" down the Ottawa by canoe and raft for nearly five hundred miles, frequently eating, sleeping, and working by the river-drivers, I was impressed with their stalwart, graceful figures, their activity, and their courage. Though theirs is an occupation full of hardship and of hazard, the river-drivers are the heartiest of men. From them General Wolseley selected the men to pilot his soldiers to the Canadian Northwest during the first Riel rebellion. From them, too, the contingent known as the "Canadian Voyageurs" was chosen to row the British troops up the Nile for the relief—too long delayed—of General Gordon.

Arthur Heming.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

Americans are the greatest travellers in the world, and they always want the best while they are travelling. Although Boot Jack Plug Tobacco is sold in nearly every first-class store in the country, you might happen to strike a place you could not purchase it; so you had better be prepared by having a small box in your valise. For your convenience the manufacturers, Jno. Finzer & Bros., of Louisville, Ky., put it up in packages as small as one and four pounds, and they will always send you a box, prepaid, at $1.20 a pound, if you cannot get it from the retailer.—[Adv.]

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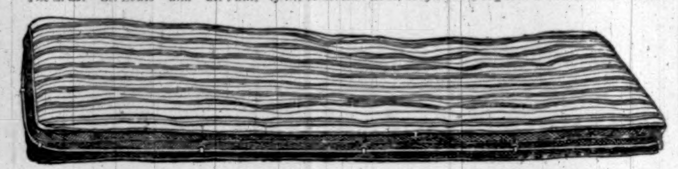

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Cotton Dress Stuffs are selling almost as fast as they come in, and that is very fast indeed, for we have never bought so many as this year, and never had such pretty patterns to show. The "bigness" of our buying makes some very interesting "less prices." Here, for example, in both cottons and woollens:

At **4c.**—Percale-finished Calicoes, in well-covered grounds of pretty stripes and plaids designed especially for shirt waists; 6c. quality.
At **7c.**—Printed Lawns, in about fifty choice floral and conventional figured designs, on tinted and white grounds; 10c. and 12½c. qualities.
At **31c.**—All-wool black Bunting, 38 in. wide; a quality made to retail at 40c.
At **55c.**—All-wool black Storm Serge, 50 in. wide; a quality made to sell at 75c.
At **75c.**—An all-wool imported Covert Cloth, in pretty, choice mixtures, 46 in. wide. If imported to-day would have to retail at $1.50 a yard.

37-inch Fancy Mixed Cheviots, at **25c.;** instead of 37½c.

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37-inch Covert Cloths, at **37½c.;** made to sell at 65c. a yard.

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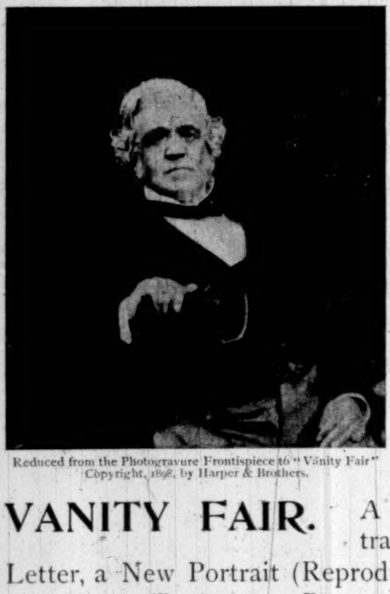

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BY JOHN CORBIN.

VI.—TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

ATHLETIC training at the English universities strikes an American first of all as being delightfully informal. At Harvard and Yale we place the welfare of our teams in the hands of a professional trainer, who, through his aide-de-camp, the undergraduate captain, is apt to make the pursuit of victory pretty much a business. Every autumn new-comers to the university are invited to train for the Freshman scratch games. It is urged that everybody owes it to the university to do his best for athletics; and it is pretty plainly intimated that social success comes for value received. At Oxford, I was surprised to find, there was not only no call for candidates, but no trainer to whom to apply for aid. The nearest approach to it was the groundsman at the Iffley Running Grounds, a retired professional who stoked the boilers for the bath, rolled the cinder path, and occasionally acted as "starter." As his "professional" reputation as a trainer was not at stake in the fortunes of the Oxford team, his attitude was humbly advisory. The president of the athletic club never came near the grounds, being busy with rowing on a university trial eight, and later with playing Association football for the university. To an aspirant accustomed to train not only for the glory of his university, but for the reputation of his trainer, the situation was, to say the least, uninspiring.

I was rescued from a fit of depression by a member of my college who hunted me up and asked me to train with him. As a schoolboy he had run three miles in the remarkable time of 15 m. 3 s.; but later, when an officer in the German army, his horse had rolled over him at the finish of a steeple-chase, and the accident had knocked out his heart; so he was only going to try to sprint. I advised him against all training, and the groundsman gravely and silently shook his head. A reliable trainer would have forbidden him the track. He insisted that though his accident had made his career as a soldier impossible, he would never admit that he was an invalid; he was also set upon showing the Englishmen in Balliol that a German could be a sportsman. This was no idle talk, as I found later, when he fainted in the bath after a fast hundred, and failed by no one knows how little of coming to. To such chivalry of sportsmanship, to be sure, an Englishman is seldom liable; athletic sports are matter of fact enough to him; but the incident shows pretty clearly how little supervision of sport there is at Oxford.

The German and I were soon joined by a third Balliol man, a young Greek poet whose name is familiar to all who are abreast of the latest literary movement at Athens. He was taking up with sports, he said, as an acknowledgment of the many hospitalities the college extends to new-comers, and also, as I found later, because of his interest in the revival of the ancient glories of Greece. When I asked him what distance suited him best—whether he was a sprinter or a runner—he answered with true Hellenic blitheness that any distance would suit him that suited me. I was much impressed by his complaisance; and though he will doubtless bring no laurel wreath back to Athens from Olympian games, I shall always cite him as an example of the fact that the highest æsthetic development goes hand in hand with the spirit of true sportsmanship. A motleyer trio than we, I suppose, never scratched a cinder path. Yet the fellows in our college seemed almost as interested as they were amused; and we soon found that even so learned a place as Balliol would have been glad to bolster its self-esteem by furnishing the university its quota of "running blues." In view of the lack of university supervision, this episode was suggestive. The sporting spirit at Oxford arises less from inter-'varsity rivalry than from emulation among the colleges at home. It is thus at once more spontaneous and more general.

The only bond between one of these college meetings and the university sports is a single event, which is open to all comers. The purpose of these "strangers' races" is precisely that of our inter-class meetings—namely, to give promising athletes practice in racing. As the prizes in each event average five pounds and thirty shillings respectively, they are pretty efficient. Though the "blues" sometimes compete—Cross made his record of 1 m. 54⅘ s. for the half in one of them—they generally abandon them to the unribboned. Thus, in a season in which the president, and the "blues" generally, are rowing and playing football, the colleges develop material for athletic teams spontaneously.

The climax of the athletic sports of the autumn term is the Freshman sports. These are held on two days, with a day's interval. After the informality of the college meetings, the Freshman sports are imposing. The friends of the various contestants make up a far larger crowd than one finds at similar sports in America; and a brass band plays while the races are on. For the first time one is brought face to face with the fact that there are inter-'varsity games in store.

When the winter term opens, bleak and rainy, the strangers' races bring out more upper class men. By-and-by the "blues" themselves appear in sweater, muffler, and blazer, and "paddle" about the track to supple their muscles and regain their disused racing strides. At the end of a fortnight I noticed a middle-aged gentleman with whom the prominent athletes conferred before and after each day's work. I soon found that he was Mr. C. N. Jackson, a don of Hertford College, who should always be remembered as the first hurdler to finish in even time. It is he who—save the mark!—takes the place of our American trainers. At Harvard, about this time, as I afterwards learned, a very different scene was enacting. The trainer—who, it is only fair to point out, is such an excellent man in his profession that he has been given a university appointment, and is thus perhaps worthy of being ranked as a don—the trainer, together with the captain, called a mass-meeting and collected a band of Mott Haven champions of the past to exhort the university to struggle free from athletic disgrace. Though the inter-'varsity games were nearly four months in the future—instead of six or seven weeks, as at Oxford—those ancient athletes aroused such enthusiasm that 268 men undertook the three months of in-door training. To one used to such exhortations the Oxford indifference was as chilling as the weather we were training in. Mr. Jackson seemed never to notice me. And how could I address him when he had not even asked me to save the university from disgrace? I was forced to the unheroic expedient of presenting a card of introduction. To my surprise I found that he had been carefully watching my work from day to day, but had not felt justified in giving advice until I asked for it. After all, there was something in that.

The 'varsity championship would have come off toward the end of February, if the raw, wet weather had held, and the inter-'varsity sports at the beginning of the Easter vacation—on the day before the boat-race. But a frost set in of such severity that barbecues were held on the Isis, and for the first time since the sports were instituted they had to be postponed until the summer term, being fixed for July 3, the day before the cricket match.

For the University Meeting, which, as with us, affords the tests by which the men are selected to represent the university, I planned to train upward of four weeks—about a week longer than the rest. The English period of training, I am convinced, is too short to bring the highest speed and endurance; and I find that Mr. Horan, the Cambridge president, who holds the inter-'varsity record for three miles, came to the same opinion after studying our American methods. As things fell out, however, I was forced to spend the third week of my period in Paris, so that my final training was reduced to ten days. In the mile event I went to pieces at the finish, taking third place. Yet the distance has always been too long for me, and after only a day's rest I won the half without trouble, in time which, considering the conditions, was very near my best. I was certainly convinced that the law of diminishing returns applies to training: after a certain point one gains very little by denying the spirit. Our American athletes train twice as long as the English for an advantage of—say, just enough to win by.

The final period of training was now at hand, yet everything had happened so pleasantly and naturally that I had none of the nervous qualms common among American athletes. At first I thought I missed the early morning walks our teams take daily, the companionship and jollity of the training table, and the sense that the team was making a common sacrifice for a heroic end. Yet here, too, the college made up, in a large measure, for what I failed to find in the university. One of our eightsmen was training with a scrub four that was to row a crew of schoolboys at Winchester; and we had a little course of training of our own. Every morning we walked out for our dip to Parson's Pleasure, and breakfasted afterward beneath the ivied window in the ancient Gothic common room. In the pleasantness of those sunlit mornings I began to realize that our American training-table mirth, which is sometimes so boisterous, is in part at least due to overwrought nerves. And the notion of self-sacrifice, which appeals to us as deeply as it did to my German friend, seemed absurd where we were all training for the pleasure and wholesomeness of sport, and for the sake of a ribbon or two of blue.

The interest which the university took in our welfare was first manifest when the "first strings" were sent off to Brighton for the change in climate which all university teams require before their great games. Some of the rest of us, who had nowhere else to go, went with them, but most of the men went home to train. The second string in the three miles staid up at Oxford for Commemoration, and joined us after three nights of dancing. He explained that he found he needed "staying-up" work.

On alternate days our training consisted in cross-country walks of ten or a dozen miles. Our favorite paths led along the chalk cliffs, and command a lordly view of the Channel. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, we went by train to the Devil's Dyke, and tramped back over the downs, now crossing golf links and now skirting corn-fields ablaze with poppies. All this walking filled our lungs with the Brighton air, and by keeping our minds off our races, prevented the worry one is apt to feel in America at the mere sight of the track. Sprinters and distance men walked together, though the sprinters usually turned back a mile or two before the rest. The rate prescribed was three and a half miles an hour; but our spirits sometimes rose so high that we had trouble in keeping it below five. Our instructions were to climb all the hills in our way, in order to bring into play new muscles, as far as possible, and thus rest those used in running. In America, though similar walks are sometimes given as a preliminary "seasoning," our training is confined for months before a meeting to the track. This is not unwise as long as a runner's stride needs developing; and in the heat of our summers such walks as the English take might sometimes prove exhausting. Yet my personal observations convinced me that for distance runners—and for sprinters too, perhaps—the English method is far better. Under our training the muscles often seem overpowered by nervous lassitude: at the start of a race I have often felt it an effort to stand. In England there was little or none of this; we felt, as the bottle-holders are fond of putting it, "like a magnum of champagne."

This idea of long walks, which the English have arrived at empirically, has been curiously approved in America by scientific discovery. It has been shown that after the muscles are apparently too exhausted to move, they can be excited to action by electric currents; and the motor nerves on being examined after such fatigue are found to be shrunken and empty, as in extreme old age. The limit of muscular exertion is thus clearly determined by the limit of the energy of the motor nerve. Now in perfect training the runner's heart and lungs must obviously reach their prime simultaneously with the motor nerves used in running; but since these organs are ordained to supply the entire system with fuel, they will usually require a longer time to reach prime condition than any single set of nerves. Thus continual track-work is likely to develop the motor nerves to the utmost before the heart and lungs are at prime. On the other hand, however, if their development is retarded, to keep pace with the heart and lungs, it is likely in the end to be higher. All this amounts to what any good English trainer will tell you—take long walks in order to rest your running muscles and give your heart and lungs plenty of work—that is, in order to keep from getting "track stale."

Our training dinners furnished the really memorable hours of the day. A half-pint of "Burton bitter" was a necessity, and a pint merely rations. If one preferred, he might drink Burgundy *ad lib.*, or even Scotch and soda. After "trials" we had champagne. When I told the fellows that in America our relaxation consists in ice-cream for Sunday dinner, I was set down as a humorist. When dinner was over, instead of coffee and tobacco, we used to go out to the West Pier, which was a miniature Coney Island, and amuse ourselves with the various attractions. Our favorite diversion was seeing the Beautiful Living Lady cremated. The attraction was the showman, who used to give an elaborate oration in Lancashire brogue. Every word of it was funny, but especially the closing sentence: "The Greeks 'ad a ancient custom of porun' a lie-bation on the cinders of the departud, which custom, gentlemen, we omits." We used to laugh so heartily at this that the showman would join in, and even the Beautiful Living Lady would snicker companionably as she crawled away beneath the stage. If the gentle reader is unable to see the fun of it, there is no help for him—except, perhaps, an English training-dinner.

The days on which we did our track-work we spent largely in London, at the Queen's Club grounds, in order to get a general sense of the track and the conditions under which the sports were to take place. Sometimes, however, we ran at Preston Park, on the outskirts of Brighton. The amount of work we did from day to day will best be understood, perhaps, by giving one or two of the training-cards. For the hundred yards, the training during the final ten days was as follows: *Monday* and *Tuesday*, sprints (that is, three or four dashes of sixty yards at top speed); *Wednesday*, a fast 120 yards at the Queen's Club grounds; *Thursday*, walk; *Friday*, sprints; *Saturday*, 100-yards trial at Queen's Club; *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, light work at Queen's Club; *Tuesday*, easy walk; *Wednesday*, inter-'varsity sports. The man for whom this card was written happened to be over-weight and short of training, or he would have had less track-work. If he had been training for the quarter, in addition to the hundred, he would have had fewer sprints, and, instead of the fast 120, a trial quarter a week before the sports, with perhaps a fast 200 on the following Friday. For the mile, the following is a characteristic week's work, ending with a trial: *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, one lap (½ mile); *Tuesday*, two laps, fast-ish; *Wednesday*, walk; *Thursday*, easy mile; *Friday*, walk; *Saturday*, two laps, fast (at the rate of 4.30 for the mile). For the three miles, the following is a schedule of the final ten days. The walks are unusually frequent because the "first string" had a bruise on the ball of his foot. *Monday*, walk; *Tuesday*, walk; *Wednesday*, two slow laps at the Queen's Club; *Thursday*, walk; *Friday*, walk; *Saturday*, a long run at the Queen's Club; *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, four laps, fastish, at the Queen's Club; *Tuesday*, walk; *Wednesday*, inter-'varsity sports. The chief difference between this work and what we should give in America is in the matter of walking.

On the day of the inter-'varsity meeting our team came together as a whole for the first time in the dressing-rooms of the Queen's Club. The fellows dropped in, one by one, in frock coats, top hats, and a general holiday air. The Oxford broad-jumper, who was the best man at the event in England, had been so busy playing cricket all season, and smoking his pipe with the other cricketers on the West Pier at Brighton, that he had not had time even to send to Oxford for his jumping-shoes. In borrowing a pair he explained that unless a fellow undertook the fag of thorough training, he could jump better without any practice. Our weight-thrower, a Freshman, had surprised himself two days previously by making better puts than either of the Cambridge men had ever done; but as nobody had thought it worth while to coach him, he did not know how he had done it, and was naturally afraid he could not do it again. He showed that he was a Freshman by appearing to care whether or not he did his best; but even his imagination failed to grasp the fact that the team which won was to have the privilege of a trip across the Atlantic to meet the champion American team. As it turned out, if either of these men had taken his event, Oxford would have met Yale instead of Cambridge.

The management of the meeting differed in a few particulars from the management of an American meeting. The question of measuring broad jumps Mr. Caspar Whitney has already settled. In measuring from the first break in the bed, instead of from the first print of the jumper's heel, we take a good fraction of an inch off every performance. Yet it is pretty clear that the first break in the ground is not always caused, as it appears to be at first sight, by the jumper's heel; it is often due to the crumbling of the earth into the holes where the feet have sunk—an accident which is aided by the force of the wind a jumper carries with him. The most important factor in measuring broad jumps has never to my knowledge been pointed out in print: in America we make our beds of finely powdered earth, in which the crumbling is sometimes enough to obliterate the first mark of the jumper's heel. In England the beds are made of a moist mixture of sawdust and earth, so that the crumbling is much less, and the heel-mark usually plain. Considering this, the English are, I think, quite right in measuring from the heel-mark: we might with profit study their method of preparing the jumping-bed. Yet this does not alter the fact that Mr. C. S. Reber's jump of 26 ft. 3½ in. is probably a distinctly better performance than the same record made by Mr. Charles Fry.

I had an experience in the race which raised a question or two that still offer food for reflection. As my best distance is a half-mile, my instructions were to dog the Cambridge first string for two laps, and then to head him, running as far as I could down the first stretch of the last lap, and then stop. This stratagem came from our blue of the year before, who, though he had pushed the Cantab to a finish in 4.19⅘, was forced to look to posterity to beat him. His intention was that I should break the Cantab's heart, and so enable our first string to finish ahead of him. There was a gale of wind blowing, and as we ran into it my height, breadth of shoulders, and lightness put me at a curious disadvantage. Instead of getting the usual firm purchase on the ground, now more than ever necessary, I felt at every stride as if I were rising off it like a kite.

The pace, meanwhile, had been pretty hot; even for a finish in 4.19 I was clearly out of the race. On the second

of the three laps I found myself questioning whether it is not a false pride that makes a man force a desperate finish where the only question at stake is how far he can keep in advance of the tail end. One or two of the fellows had already dropped out, and as we were finishing the second lap against the wind I allowed myself to be persuaded that their course was more rational, and therefore more sportsmanlike. I dropped out.

As the bunch drew away from me and turned into the easy going on the sheltered stretch I was filled with envy of them, and with disgust at myself, the like of which I had never felt when beaten, however badly, after making a fair struggle. And when I saw them finishing against that hurricane, striding as if they were running up stairs, I felt the heroism of a plucky finish as I had never done before. It did not help matters when I realized that the last race I was ever to run had been the first in which I had failed to finish. Yet nobody else seemed to care.

At the sports' dinner that night, at the Holborn Restaurant, I swallowed some of my chagrin. The occasion was so happy that I remember wishing we might have something like it after our meetings at home. Whether our teams won or lost (I had known both fortunes), I don't remember a celebration that could give so much pleasure. The only feeling was of fellowship and jollity, of frank homage to the victors, and of humorous sympathy for the defeated. Light blue and dark blue applauded and poked fun at each other impartially. Old blues explained how it was that the performances of their day were really not to be sneezed at; and young blues, receiving their prizes, looked happy and said nothing. After dinner we divided into squads and went to the Empire, Cantab locking arms with Oxon. By supper-time, at St. James's, I was almost happy again.

Yet I have never been quite able to down the doubts about British sportsmanship raised by that race. However little one may care about the mere winning and losing, it matters greatly that a man who has shown great excellence in a sport should fail through sheer negligence, and that a Freshman should be led to think that it makes little difference whether or not he does his best. On the whole it seems to me that the good-nature and generosity of English sportsmen have been purchased at the expense of a quality which, when we come to consider more seriously the manners and morals of sports, we shall do well to recognize and cherish.

VII.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.

The fact that sports have manners and morals has only lately been recognized. In social and business relations the rules are well defined, and the penalties for breaches of them have been pretty well fixed for generations; but the invasion of the athlete is so recent, and we have all been so engrossed in the sports themselves, that we have not yet gained the leisurely mood and the somewhat distant point of view necessary to the discussion of the better and the worse in sportsmanship. Yet the better and the worse are matters of great moment. For ten or a dozen of the most important years of their lives the youth of our educational institutions find in out-of-door sports their most engrossing interest; and the spirit in which they go in for them has a larger share, perhaps, than any other single influence in determining the spirit in which they approach the more serious and permanent affairs of after-life. I say this advisedly, for whatever parents may expect of our schools, the fact remains that neither scholarship nor the arts, charities nor religion, arouse such widespread and engrossing interest among young fellows as the contests of field and river. If, then, college men do these things better in England, it is well to understand the fact fully; and if we have traits in our sports which they have lacked or have lost, it is well to know it in order to stick by them resolutely and intelligently.

Differences of opinion and of practice in the two countries have been evident in every international contest. One Englishman illustrated what he had to say by a story he had found in an American magazine. The sailors of a Yankee man-of-war lying in South American waters had amused themselves by pitting the game fowls of the ship—every man-of-war, it seems, is stocked with birds of all feathers—against those of the port. The American birds had been beaten again and again. To prevent the bankruptcy of the entire crew the officers forbade further cock-fighting. Upon this an old quartermaster, a privileged character, approached the executive officer and saluted. The sailors had kept their best bird for the last; the Spaniards were by this time giving all odds on their champion; and if one more night's leave were granted, the lost American dollars would all find their way back where they belonged. It was hinted that the officers themselves might profit by the tip. When the officers arrived at the pit they were somewhat surprised at the bird they saw. He had all the markings of an excellent game, but he was a trifle large for the pure breed, and bore himself with an extraordinary slouch. At the first onset of the Spaniard the Yankee bird cocked his head on one side without moving. On the second, in which he received a vicious dig in the shoulder, he cocked his head on the other and looked down at his puny antagonist in vehement disdain. When the Spaniard dashed forward again the Yankee raised a powerful claw, clutched him by the neck, and with a dignified but powerful jerk broke his spine. The Yankee bird was an American eagle painted to resemble a game-cock. My English friend concluded by asking if that was the kind of sport my countrymen approved of. I had to grant that his story was a rough and ready criticism of our sporting spirit. We go in to win rather than for the love of a manfully fought contest. The responsibility for this, I made haste to assure my friend, could not possibly be with Harvard, for Harvard has got nothing but sport out of athletics for seven or eight years, and not so very much of that. The dominant idea of sportsmanship here is the Yale idea. The Harvard idea, though quite distinct, has never amounted to much but a criticism on the Yale spirit. Before comparing English and American sportsmanship it is necessary to get at both the Yale spirit and the Harvard comment on it.

I remember once making some special researches while sojourning in New Haven, and if any one doubts the conclusions to which I have just alluded let him try the experiment I tried. The way to get at the true inwardness of Elihu is simple. First catch your Yale man. When he assumes the host, which he will most generously, let him take you to Morey's, or—alas that Morey's is no more!—to the next best place. Pour in two tobeys of ale, seasoned by two pipes of Handsome Dan.

After the second pipe ask him what he really thinks of Hinkeyism. If you are a Harvard man, you will have to explain that you never have quite believed that the Yale captain was guilty of using knock-out drops before a game or dynamite on the field. Yet plenty of neutral ground remains to debate. The best example of Hinkeyism for discoursive purposes is the episode between Hinkey and C. Brewer in the game of 1891. You may have to remind your Yale man—it is one of the privileges of an ancient graduate—that Hinkey's little trick was to slam the Harvard full-back to the ground on a fair catch. As this was a breach of the rules involving a penalty of a considerable number of yards, and as the play was repeated with all appearance of deliberation at every opportunity, one was justified in searching for the reason of the seeming recklessness of the Yale tactics. The explanation we all gave, and I have never known a Yale man to furnish any other, was that Brewer was known to be suffering from injuries at the time that threatened, in the event of unusual roughness, to retire him. It may not be impertinent to add that he was punting in a manner that the Yale back, C. Bliss, if I remember rightly, found uncommonly hard to catch, and was very fleet and puzzling in running with the ball. This example of Hinkeyism is excellent, because it presents the simple and obvious theme that for several years dominated the harmony of Yale football, and was caught up by many colleges where the athletic spirit has always tended to reflect Yale methods. It has also the advantage of enabling us, in our discussion, to set aside the well-known charges of far graver brutality that are, perhaps, neither to be proved nor disproved.

When I mentioned these few facts to my Yale man (this was before such tactics had been discussed either at Yale or at Harvard) he was very much surprised. According to his standards, I found, it was not unsportsmanlike to break rules wilfully if you did not try to evade the penalties. "We play a rough game," he said, "and we like our rivals better if they do the same." I pointed out that it is better from some points of view not to decide a contest of strength and skill by crippling your opponents, and that such a policy, strictly adhered to, would make the first element in football manslaughter. "We play a rough game," he repeated, "but there is no hard feeling in it. We play *football*." The fact dawned on me that Harvard had been playing tiddledewinks.

At this point you are likely to realize that your conduct as a guest has not been as becoming as that of your host. The ideal that governed Yale athletics, I made haste to admit, was, rightly considered, the ideal of every normal American—success in all that is worth undertaking. We are a new people, and when we set out in life casting aside the traditions of the centuries, the one thing needful was to succeed. If we succeeded a fair land was to be ours, and we should stand forever as the first republican government that had endured. Meantime the continent had to be subdued before we could cultivate the bounty of nature—the labors of Hercules were to be performed. Then the integrity of the republic had to be maintained against unrepublican institutions, and against the spirit of disintegration. It is not strange if our ruling idea became achievement. As I talked of these things, I remember well how enthusiastic I grew. I ended by conceding that while Harvard had stood for the best there is in Massachusetts, Yale had always been representative of the best sense of the nation. So high is the ideal of success at New Haven, that the whole social and intellectual system is bent upon it. Individuality of opinion and action is stamped out as superfluous or pernicious, and fellows give up their time and energy without stint for any cause that will aid in the welfare of the community. When the chronicle of Yale sports is properly written it will record acts of heroism and devotion as simple, as unquestioning and as unconscious as any in history. I need only instance the rally at the end of the Yale-Harvard football game of 1890, that brought upon Yale's only defeated team more glory than has been won by many a victorious eleven. To say that this Yale spirit is representative of our nation is to flatter the nation.

Harvard, I went on to say, has always realized this, and, consciously or unconsciously, has admired it. It has been the strongest check against the spirit of provincialism which the dominance of eastern Massachusetts makes imminent. One of the most wholesome lessons a Harvard undergraduate learns is that the fellows at Yale can lick him. The result is to make Harvard painfully conscious of her weakness. Again and again the athletic leaders have proclaimed that if the college is ever to win it must "do as Yale does." During my tender underclassmanship we used to spend much of our energy every autumn in learning what sort of a game Yale was playing, so that we could play it next year. It took us some seasons to find that the result of this was always to make us one year behind our rivals. Then we said we must get up a game of our own, as Yale does. Since we have no Walter Camp, we will get a lawyer from Philadelphia to show us also how to break the rules without breaking them. One result was the flying wedge, and things of that sort. Another result was the oiled leather football suits, the expense of which caused almost as much scandal in Yankeedom as ought to have been caused—and wasn't—by the idea of getting them at all. These and other like incidents of late years were the result of a weak and self-conscious effort to emulate the Yale spirit. As a rule, I said, wherever Harvard had been unsportsmanlike it was in consequence of a desire to "do as Yale does."

Some of these things interested my Yale man deeply. He looked upon me as uncommonly sympathetic for a Harvard man, and, at the least pause in my declamation, would have commiserated with me for not having gone to Yale. On my last remark, however, he collapsed in his chair, and nothing but the fact that he was my host prevented him from telling me how tired he was. And, after all, it must be admitted that the things Harvard has done in emulation of the Yale spirit are a burlesque—and a rather stupid one—of the best there is in the Yale spirit.

The mass of Harvard undergraduates, however, are seldom or never to blame in this matter; the blame lies almost wholly with the athletic leaders, who are momentarily carried away from their true selves by the eagerness to retrieve past defeats. At any time, except the very heat of an athletic season, athletics is far from being the engrossing subject it is apt to be at most colleges. A short time before a contest interest rises pretty high; at the appointed hour it is at fever heat; and for a few days after a defeat a large part of the college has the conventional black fit. But within a fortnight the college settles back into the even tenor of its way, and nobody very much cares—except perhaps a score of athletes, the Freshman class, and recent graduates living in alien communities. This is not because of that chimera called Harvard indifference—a thing which has never existed, and never will exist, except on the airiest surface of Harvard life. It is because of the deep seriousness of the place, its manifold interests, and the pervasiveness of a real intellectual life.

To understand this it is only necessary to call to mind what has been going on in eastern Massachusetts in past generations. The early spirit of Puritanism, which had long been dominant in our intellectual life, and which found its fitting home on the rock-bound coast of New England, suffered a revulsion that can now be called its death-throe; and in that process it gave birth to the only real intellectual movement our country has known. The spirit of this reaction, as is not uncommonly the case, was essentially the same as that against which it was directed, a deep and unswerving individualism. It produced Emerson, whose philosophy had no more system and consistency than the infinitely repellant particles of which he confessed his style was composed. It produced Hawthorne, the most individual and unclassifiable of novelists, and Holmes, the Autocrat. Thoreau, Alcott, Garrison, and others were obviously of the same leaven; and if Lowell and Longfellow were less conspicuously so, it was because the greater æstheticism of their natures made them amenable to transatlantic influences. The first general result of this intensification of the intellectual life was to send young Americans abroad to complete their education. At this time Oxford and Cambridge were only just arousing themselves from their eighteenth-century slumbers, but the German universities were teeming with new life—a new life the very essence of which was specialization of effort. When our errant scholars returned, it was the work of a few decades only to transform the traditional American college, and we have to-day at Harvard the old Puritan individualism running riot in its latest manifestation—the Elective System. Our particular concern with all this is to point out that the ruling spirit of Harvard life necessarily fails to promote good-fellowship and co-operation in athletics—the happy mediocrity of aim that makes for popular success. If Harvard has failed, as the flea did, in Hans Andersen's fable, to jump into the princess's lap, there is still some consolation in the fact that its flight has been so high as to be beyond the ken of most good people the country through. And though the college is not, as Yale is, representative of the nation at large, it has still the comfort of knowing that, in spite of constant defeat in athletics, it is increasing more rapidly, is attracting the highest class of scholars, and is yearly becoming more representative, in the territorial sense, of the country by and large. As a prominent Bostonian has put it, Yale was founded two generations after Harvard, as a protest against the individualism and advancement of opinion at Cambridge, and has since remained fifty years in the rear, until she has at last taken to winning at athletics. It is worth noticing that of late at Yale the spirit of individualism, nourished by the Elective System and by modern thought generally, has seriously menaced the authority of the senior societies and the captains.

The real spirit of Harvard athletics is thus deeply rooted in Harvard life. It is not a striving after the obvious success; least of all is it to be found in that galvanization of madness that is in evidence at the height of each athletic season. It is fundamentally sane and intelligent. An impartial observer may recognize this throughout the history of Harvard athletics. Harvard was the first American college to recognize the value of sports and to cultivate them in all branches. It was the first to react against the fraud, brutality, and many other excesses that disgrace American colleges to-day. There has never been a season when Harvard has not had more men of all sorts in training than any other university, and there has never been a time when, whatever the action of the athletic leaders, the mass of opinion at Harvard has not been on the side of frankness, honesty, and chivalry in sports. When the history of American sportsmanship is written, it will be found that Harvard has been as indisputably the leader as in the rise of our other academic ideals.

The defect of Yale spirit, then, is that in the pursuit of victory it is liable to sacrifice true sportsmanship. Its virtue is the very manly one of self-abnegation in behalf of the common good, and a splendid pluck in achieving it. The defect of the Harvard spirit is a lack of this martial ardor, a defect which has brought defeat, and has made the university a prey of self-conscious and erratic endeavor. Its virtue is a true sense of the value and the place of sport, a high ideal of sportsmanship

In speaking of our national spirit in athletics, these two elements of force and of ideality are equally to be regarded. At all our athletic institutions—Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, and the rest—they exist in varying proportions. If the Yale bias, on the whole, prevails, it is because it is the more easily understood by Americans, and because it has thus far had the prestige of success. Yet, in spite of Harvard's defeats, the stand she has always made for athletic purity has had its effect. The coming idea in our sportsmanship is moderation and generosity. Fellows are finding out that if it is a very great thing to win, it is a greater to be true. Our fathers and grandfathers may have learned a deeper wisdom of life, but if so it has not been recorded. It is the glory of athletics that the exuberance of young blood should bring a man face to face with eternal truth.

Yet, to be honest, we must admit that our ideas are still far from fixed, and that much of our belief in athletics is little better than hope. We still lay the chief emphasis on pluck and success. The Yankee fighting-cock too often turns out to be the American eagle.

In England, as far as I could judge, the athletic spirit has developed to the other extreme. Nothing could be more gracious and delightful than the good feeling and determination to play fair in all university contests; but I never found the same high seriousness I was used to at home, and I constantly felt the tendency to be content with less than one's best achievement. The same thing, I noticed, was marked by others. It was a constant complaint of athletic writers that fellows didn't back their teams. If we have any consolation for the defects of our spirit in sports, it is that it will be a long time before such criticism can be justly made.

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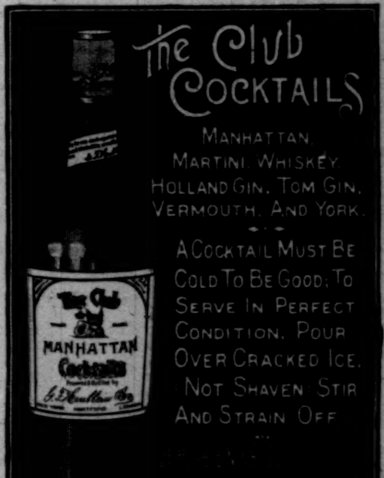

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